

Grail

ARTICLES	1	Old Iron Legs
	5	Me and My Big Mouth
	15	O Promise Me
	18	If You're Writing to Father Murphy
	19	Designs for Christian Living
	34	Letter to Four Wives
	44	Friendship House Goes a Camping
STORIES	9	Wisdom is Found at Night
	24	Becky Goes to Mass
	26	Wasted Talent
FEATURES	39	Abbey Newsmoth
	48	Masses of August
	53	Movie of the Month
	58	Recommended Movies
	59	Book Reviews



AUGUST 1951 • 25¢

Open Letter to the Reader's Digest...

Dear Editors:

We noted with deep regret the article in the July Reader's Digest entitled "Mother of Planned Parenthood," praising Margaret Sanger's so-called crusade for mothers who are overburdened with more children than they can care for.

No one can deny that Mrs. Sanger carried on her work in a crusading spirit, and attempted, in her own way, to alleviate suffering of women overburdened with children. However, history and straight thinking show that she is mistaken in her hopes, and misguided in her efforts for reform.

As a matter of fact, her widely disseminated information about contraceptives, as well as her success in making contraceptives available to millions of married people, have undermined physically and morally the very family she has been trying so hard to salvage.

Your article about Margaret Sanger was so plausibly written and subtly developed that it is nothing less than a moral booby-trap for the unsuspecting reader who may hail Mrs. Sanger as a crusader without recognizing the immorality of her methods.

Regretfully yours,

Walter Sullivan, O.S.B.

the **GRAIL**

Title registered
U.S. Patent Office

EDITOR

Walter Sullivan, O. S. B.

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

Patrick Shaughnessy, O. S. B.
Raban Hathorn, O. S. B.
Eric Lies, O. S. B.
Christopher Hoolihan, O. S. B.

MANAGING EDITOR

Faschal Boland, O. S. B.

OFFICE MANAGER

Geoffrey Gaughan, O.S.B.

STAFF ARTISTS

Timothy Kennedy, O. S. B.
John Harding

The GRAIL is edited and published monthly by the Benedictines at St. Meinrad, Indiana, for the Christian family. With episcopal approbation. Subscription: \$2.00 a year. Canada: \$2.50. Foreign: \$3.00.

Member of the Catholic Press Association.

Entered as second class matter at St. Meinrad, Indiana, U.S.A. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage, section 1103, Oct. 3, 1917: authorized June 5, 1919.

Changes of address, giving the old and the new address, should be sent to us a month in advance.

OLD IRON LEGS



At 68 most men are ready for a wheel chair . . .
but not 'old iron legs.'
Last year he walked from Portugal to Rome.

Ulrich Calvosa

ELEVEN years ago John Francis Stahl said to his feet, "Feet, get moving," and he has been picking them up and putting them down ever since. They've carried him more than 12,00 miles and earned for him the title of "Old Ironlegs." He recently returned from Europe, reluctantly by ship, after completing a 1660 mile pilgrimage to Rome through Portugal, Spain, France and Italy.

Bearing a strong resemblance to the late George Bernard Shaw, 68-year old John Stahl stands erect, is clear-eyed, sharp and most articulate about his hiking. "It keeps me in condition," the retired Post Office clerk explained, "but frankly, I am looking forward to staying off my feet for

a while; but not for too long."

He is extremely enthusiastic about his latest trip which all started because he wanted to go to Rome for the Holy Year. "I am sure no one walked as far to reach Rome. Some of the Iron Curtain countries are farther away from Rome than Portugal, but I'm quite sure no one on the Red side attempted the long pilgrimage this year. I started my stroll from the Shrine of Fatima in Portugal, walked through central Spain to Madrid, from Madrid to Saragossa; from the French border to Lourdes and Carcassonne, to the Riviera. I skirted the lovely Riviera to Genoa and then went down the Italian coast to Rome, where I arrived

on December 2. It took me 121 days but it certainly was worth it. I had an audience with the Holy Father, told him about my pilgrimage, and His Holiness referred to me as "the walkingest pilgrim'."

It must be explained that Stahl never takes a lift; that wouldn't be "playing ball." When he sets out to walk—he walks with vengeance. It all started in 1949 while Stahl was employed in the Panama Canal Zone. "It came time to go home—the Post Office Department was retiring me for disability—I had been working indoors, so I decided to walk." And walk he did. From Balboa in the Canal Zone, up through El Salvador, Costa Rica, Guatemala, Nicaragua and Mexico, right on to Austin, Texas. That trip covered 3700 miles and took Stahl exactly eight months and three weeks to complete. Along the way he ate native foods and lived exactly as the natives did.

"You can see that I've taken lots of long walks," Stahl said, "but gosh, I'll never, never forget the feeling that came over me when I reached the Eternal City. It would have been worth ten times the distance I covered to finally arrive and to realize that I would be in the presence of the Holy Father."

Besides Rome, Old Ironlegs remembers most the Shrines of Fa-

tima in Portugal, Saragossa in Spain, and Lourdes, France.

"Fatima," added Stahl, "once a sleepy little village, has changed in the last 33 years since the three shepherd children were visited by the Blessed Virgin to predict the coming of World War II. It is now an impressive shrine that Catholics the world over must visit. Remember that it was at Fatima that the admonition from on high first came for prayers for peace and the conversion of Russia.

"You come across a vast plain to reach Saragossa, to the north east of Madrid. Along the river Ebro rises the shrine of Our Lady of El Pilar, one of the most important in Christendom. A statue of Our Blessed Mother rests on a pillar and that's the reason for 'El Pilar'. The column has been kissed for so long by so many that the lips of the faithful have worn a sizeable depression in it.

"Lourdes, of course, is a must for Catholics. More than 600,000 pilgrims a year visit the town where Bernadette Soubirous, the peasant girl, saw the vision nearly a hundred years ago."

When asked what his recent European trip cost him he said, "Nothing. In fact, I came out a little ahead. When people learned what I was doing, they gave me

lodging and food and forced a few pesetas or liras on me when they sped me off. I didn't exactly sleep in de luxe hotels, mind you. Many times I slept in a barn; other times, people made up a makeshift bed in the open, but I was always comfortable and happy. You know, people are pretty nice.

"I found the Spaniards especially friendly," Stahl continued, with a knowing twinkle in his eyes. "I had heard a lot of nonsense back home about the dangers, about the constant police vigilance, about unfriendliness to foreigners. Well, I walked through Spain for four full weeks and can honestly say that none of these alleged fears materialized. I had been told that the country was overrun with soldiers, which is also a falsehood.

"I know a little Spanish, so I got to talk to the people and they all wanted to know about America, and were extremely helpful and kind to me. In several towns, I even spent the night in the Mayor's home. They took me in, asked no questions; and after all, I was a stranger. Spaniards have always been known for their extreme courtesy and hospitality and it still holds in Spain. I guess the best way to find out about a country is to go there, but unfortunately only a few of us get the chance."

When asked about tips for the

uninitiated hiker, Stahl said, "All you need is a map, a pair of shoes and a liking for people and scenery. Make your knapsack as light as possible and carry only the very essential articles. I, myself, carry only one pair of high shoes—the ones that I have on my feet and rely on cobblers along the way to keep them in condition."

Back in 1941, after his first long trip of 3700 miles, Stahl visited the twenty-one California Missions, walking the 870 miles in four months. From June to August in '45, he walked from Talahassee, Fla. to Austin, Texas, a distance of 974 miles. In 1948-49 he went from Victoria, Mexico to Balboa in the Canal Zone and back, a distance of 3600 miles.

"I get a lot out of walking," Old Ironlegs continued, "it keeps me fit and it gives me confidence. You know, every day you meet people along the road, on the city streets and they always ask you questions—about what you are doing, who you are and where you are going. At first, I was diffident, but I soon got to like explaining and talking to people who ask questions because they are interested in you.

"What do I do along the lonely roads?" John Stahl thought a bit, "Well, let me tell you. Walking brings you close to God and as I walk I pray for the people I leave behind."



The Social Ones

Aquatint by Georges Rouault

Gossips are people who cannot leave bad enough alone.

ME AND MY BIG MOUTH

Charlene Smith

DO friends confide in you? Are you constantly being sought out to lend a sympathetic ear? Do members of your family tell you their cherished secrets more than once? If so, it's a safe bet you're not a gossipy Myra or a back-biting Dora.

Myra is quite a girl, and no gathering is dull if she's around. With her spicy tidbits of half-truths which she sprinkles generously with imagination, she is certain to enliven the conversation. But, oh, the damaging hurts she inflicts.

Her latest contribution was a masterpiece. So let us go to the scene of the crime, and it should be called by no lesser name. Four of us were playing Canasta at Martha's home.

Myra held her cards gracefully in her well-cared for hands. "Well, Cathy is having herself a time while Jim's away, isn't she?"

"What do you mean?" her partner asked.

That was the signal Myra had awaited, and her staccato voice leaped joyously as she began.

"Bill, of course. You know he lives in the same block. So Cathy

has adopted the role of helpless female and calls Bill to do the simplest tasks. He's always running in and out to light the gas pilot or tighten a lock."

"Well, for goodness sakes, Myra, I think that's very neighborly of him. After all, he is Jim's best friend. And it's no picnic running a household with three children in it and no man," Martha said.

"That's what they hope everyone will think, of course, but I can't imagine you being so naive, Martha. Why, Cathy won't even ride the bus to town. She goes up with Bill from lunch," Myra added.

"I don't blame her for preferring Bill's car to that crowded, erratic bus," I offered. "What's so wicked about that? I dare say Jean isn't perturbed, and after all, as Bill's wife, it certainly concerns her more than us."

"Honestly, you and Martha are as bad as Jean. I believe you actually trust your husbands. Jean's still blind with love. She wouldn't dream Bill could be interested in any other woman. She'll learn, and mark my words, it won't be long."

Martha's voice bristled. "Myra, you ought to be ashamed. Cathy's a lovely girl and it broke her heart and Jim's when he had to take that out-of-town job. They had gone so far in debt with the baby's illness he had to get a better paying job. Cathy's going to him as soon as he finds a place to live."

"Maybe, but I doubt it now." Myra underscored the "now" with bitter insinuation.

So Myra laid the groundwork of suspicion. In a week's time half of the population of our little town was watching furtively. When Jean and Bill asked Cathy to accompany them to dinner and a show, the fireworks really exploded. Jean developed a headache and, insisting the others remain until the end, went home. The next morning the back-yard-brigades and the drug store idlers made mince meat of four lives. One self-righteous individual wrote Jim and insisted his wife and best friend were betraying him.

Jim came home for the week-end and, although he showed Cathy the same affection and respect, and treated Bill with the usual camaraderie, there was a perplexed hurt in his eyes. How long will it take that scar to heal? How often will the malicious lies taunt him? Will he ever be sure it was only gossip. And will the onlookers forget?

Thus Myra meddled with four lives bringing unhappiness to all for the sheer love of "knowing it all" and telling more than was true. She's bored and she kills time with conversation, simultaneously murdering love and security and trust.

Dora's backbiting is equally petty and catty but with less damaging results. She contents herself with belittling the efforts of others, of laughing scornfully when they fail, with destroying unity in any group of which she is a member.

A typical Dora incident began at the parish school. Her son was not progressing in his studies as she thought he should. She talked to the Sister, who assured her the boy was bright enough but lacked the power of concentration. Dora promptly transferred him to a public school and began a one woman campaign against our school and all connected with it. Those who knew the situation ignored her tales. But many did not and to them the blame was definitely traceable to the Church, not to an individual, not to a parish church, but to the Universal Church.

A minor incident? Yes, it was, but the repercussions were great.

It is impossible to total the damage done by the idle word, the careless insinuation, the half-truth that is passed on as fact.



"They say" and "Have you heard?" are harbingers of danger and sorrow. Too many lives have been mangled on the tongue of gossip.

You say those involved should know better than to believe the stories? Very true, but suspicion is like a volcano, once aroused it is never dead, only dormant.

A pastor was being caused a great deal of trouble by his gossipy flock. Other parishioners were suffering from their venomous broadcasts. The priest took the two ring-leaders of the gossipers to the open balcony of the church tower on a windy day and handed them each a pillow.

"Rip them open and let the feathers blow away," he instructed them.

The bewildered two obeyed.

"Now go and pick up each feather and return it to its rightful place," the priest commanded.

The women looked at him in amazement. "But, Father, we can't do that. It's impossible."

"So it is. It's just as impossible for you to pick up your idle words and repair the damage they have done."

This story is well known and often repeated, but there is none better to explain the irreparable harm done by gossip.

When a friend tells you a secret, do you seal your lips and keep them sealed? Or do you squirm with impatience until you get an opportunity to relay the news? To tell the confidences of another is to break their trust, to betray their faith. How often have you told someone else's secret? Of course you admonished your audience not to tell, even as your confidante had told you.

So many parents fail to respect the confidences of their children. They argue it's only childish prattle and not important, forgetting it may be of life-and-death value to the young. A broken doll to the toddler, a broken date to the teen-ager is as serious to them as a lost job to the adult breadwinner. When parents fail to attach such importance to their children's activities, they are pulling down a curtain between them, blocking out intimacy and companionship. The children will take their secrets elsewhere and seek advice from others (and the advice may be harmful).

If you desire to know what your child is thinking and doing, never let him down by exposing his secrets to the laughing scorn of others. How would you feel if the child whispered to his friends one

of the family secrets? He feels the same and is cut to the quick.

No mother will deny that it is a full time job to run a house and manage a family if she is attempting to build character in each little one. If she takes off a couple of hours a day to run down the character of someone else, she is apt to neglect the building of her own and her family's.

It seems to be a characteristic of human nature to be curious about our neighbor's business, to

know the most intimate details of his life. As with so many human tendencies, this one also can be curbed.

Control of the tongue is a wonderful virtue. To be able to know a secret others are wondering about and still keep your mouth shut is certainly an asset if not a virtue. To know a scandal and refrain from passing it on is a sheer act of self-denial. To put a stop to gossip and backbiting when it is possible surely takes you one step closer to Heaven.



**SLIDE RULE
FOR GOSSIPS**

If you are tempted to reveal
A tale someone to you has told
About another, make it pass
Before you speak three gates of gold.

Three narrow gates: First is it true?
Then, is it needful? In your mind
Give truthful answer, and next
Last and narrowest . . . is it kind?

And if to reach your lips at last,
It passes through these gateways three,
Then you may tell the tale, nor fear
What the result of speech may be.

WISDOM FOUND AT NIGHT



Quentin Morrow Philip

**You never know about drama ...
sometimes you can find it
in a Chinese laundry at midnight.**

JIM CHANG operated a hand laundry a block or so down the street from the boarding house where I had acquired my peptic ulcers trying to write for a living. Faithfully week upon week I brought him my shirts and things and called, days later, for the immaculate work that earned him a deserved reputation.

Of course it was entirely possible that his name wasn't Jim. The Chinese, as I had read and had been informed by those who'd

been tourists, are a funny people, and you really couldn't go by the signs on their laundry windows. They all belonged to tongs or clans, and sons inherited names from their ancestors; and whoever heard of a Chinaman by the name of Jim, say long about the time Confucius was compiling his compendium of stuff newspaper columnists would steal ages later.

So, maybe his name wasn't Jim, and maybe the Chang part of it wasn't his own either, but how-

ever you looked at him you had to admit he was human and, as such, undoubtedly possessed a soul. Anyhow, Father Sheridan, my pastor and a great one for preaching on the propagation of the faith, never let a week go by without reminding me and the rest of his flock that it was our duty to bring others into the true fold.

I imagine I must have been thinking about Father Sheridan when I was out on one of my nocturnal prowls. I sometimes like to walk the streets when most of the city is flat on its back getting up steam and energy for another day of doing to others what they'd hate to have done to themselves. And it would surprise you to know the kind of people I bump into in the middle of the night. You never meet those interesting types in broad daylight and, even if you did, they wouldn't be quite the same. Moreover, when you're out like that at night, your imagination runs the full sweep of fancy dramatics. Especially if you're a professional author. You live a score of epic tragedies in the blink of a street lamp, and every strange face is dark with the tumult of terrific emotions. It generally doesn't dawn on you until morning that what you saw was a company of drunks in the prelude to a hangover.

Anyway, I had gone downtown that night, talked to a cab driver,

discoursed politics with a watchman, swapped a couple of yarns with a cop on his beat, dropped in at a hotel for a spell of gin rummy with a night clerk related to me through a distant cousin, and spent a dull half hour chewing the fat with the short order chef at an all-night beanery where you could meet the high and the low of midnight society. With luck, I'd probably get back to my attic cell with definite ideas for a yarn or two that night, and, the laws of chance being what they are, they might bring me enough revenue to get my typewriter out of hock.

It must have been around three in the morning when, on my way home, I noticed the lights were burning in Jim Chang's laundry, and he was ironing. Whether this was an occasional or regular habit of his to work at night was something I didn't know. But, as I have said earlier, I must have been thinking about Father Sheridan, for suddenly in my mind's eye I saw legions of coolies in dire need of salvation and only a handful of missionaries mastering the intricacies of a bowl and chopsticks. I'm a very imaginative fellow.

I gained admittance to the laundry by the simple expedient of banging on the door, a useless operation since the door was unlocked, and Jim only motioned

me to press on the handle. Apparently he wasn't afraid of anything and didn't care who'd drop in to furnish him company. Were we to exchange places, I'd probably put iron bars across the entrance and post a company of militia to prevent a robbery. Living in a highly civilized community, I'd expect to be on the short end of what generally happens on the quiet streets of highly civilized communities.

He greeted me with a smile and a nod, but continued ironing as though nothing this side of Hong Kong could stay him from a fanatical devotion to other people's linen. In my mind I put that down to something inscrutable in Oriental philosophy. I didn't know him very well, doubted that any American could fathom a Chinaman. Too, I never could step into a Chinese laundry or chop suey house without imagining sinister things in the back room and an overall scent of opium. But Jim, whose countenance seemed carved out of yellow jade, dispelled my notions of narcotic vice with the corncob pipe that dangled from his mouth and reeked so badly of cheap tobacco that I wondered if he was under contract to a Carolina auctioneer.

"What can I do for you?" he asked, without stopping the motion of his gliding iron. Certainly a prosaic question, also

one put in very good English. There was none of that sibilant lingo in Jim that you find to surfeit in our literature. Perhaps he never heard of the American short story and what was expected to come out of a Chinaman.

"Nothing in particular," I said. "Just happened to be going by, and thought I'd drop in to warm up for a minute. Kind of chilly outside."

"Weather man predicts a freeze by morning," he said. "I heard it on the radio a little while ago. Sit down, make yourself comfortable."

"Thanks." I fished a cigarette from my coat pocket, walked to the pot-bellied stove that glowed like a crematory in the middle of the room. "All alone?"

"More or less," he answered. "Charles and George—my assistants—they are asleep upstairs. It is my turn on the night shift for the next month. Lots of work. Too much work, sometimes. Excuse me."

The apology was for the tinkle of the door bell. Two slippered feet shuffled to the counter, and then followed a muffled conversation between Jim and a fellow expatriate. I sensed a plot, an evil brewing of unlawful ideas. Tong wars were not pieces of fiction. Only recently I had read about mysterious murders in San

Francisco's Market Street. They were efficient slayers, these Chinese.

"Dirty work afoot?" I said wryly after the visitor departed. But it was hard pressing to feel humorous when the goose pimples on my arms tumbled over one another in fright.

"Poor devil," Jim chuckled, "lost his shirt in a poker game and is afraid to go home. I loaned him five dollars to save face before his wife. Gamblers should never marry.

"Decent of you," I commented, relieved. To myself I thought that was a very Christian thing to do. Only these Chinese were Confucianists, Buddhists or something like that and were motivated by primitive fellowship. "Think I'll sign you up in my church," I added.

"What denomination?" he smiled.

"The right one," I answered, now emboldened to make with wise retorts.

"Ah, a Jehovah Witness," he laughed. "No, thank you. I am behind in my dues where I already belong."

"Seriously," I said, "did you ever think of switching allegiance? You are, you know, in a Christian country."

"That is open to debate," he said, without a show of expression. The iron in his hand moved

with increasing speed over a pair of gaudy pajamas. "According to statistics I have read, seventy-some-odd millions of Americans are without church affiliation."

No fooling this Chinaman, I resolved. He was almost as literate as Father Sheridan, and I would have given my next magazine check to see the two of them meet and slug it out verbally.

The door bell tinkled again, and again he excused himself. I retired behind a newspaper, but watched through the corner of an eye as he bowed his head to listen to the whispered voice of a faded street walker whose profession shone dully in her suspicious eyes. I saw his hand go under the counter, and from some concealed slot come up with several dollar bills which he thrust into the woman's numbed hands. She cried for a moment, then turned suddenly and was gone.

My curiosity scaled a peak. "What is this, a laundry or a way station for battered humanity?" I asked.

"You look whole to me," he returned, resuming his ironing.

But I was hardly listening. Without literary fanfare or theatre music, I had just witnessed a dramatic piece of business as poignant as anything Zola or Tolstoy had ever invented, and all this with a heathen Chinaman on the Christ-like side of the deal. No

mistaking, this man would be a real asset to a Catholic parish.

"Next time I'm stuck for story ideas," I said, "this is where I'm coming to spend a night."

"Life is dull and drab in a laundry," he said. It seemed he would add a word or two to that, but the door flung open suddenly and even more suddenly there stood at the counter a nervous young man who glanced about furtively and

job—you start next Monday."

"How did you do it?"

"I have connections."

"Jane will love you for this."

"It is enough you should love her and keep out of trouble for her sake. See me during the day, and I will discuss the details."

"You mean, I won't have to run from the cops at all?"

"They will let you alone. But you will have to go to work. You



almost decided to leave soon as he noticed me.

"Do not mind him," Jim said, pointing to me. "He is an old acquaintance, who sees and hears nothing."

I was grateful for that, whether true or false. Anyhow, I liked Jim's diplomacy, and I deliberately buried my nose in the newspaper. Nonetheless, I could not miss hearing the conversation.

"I squared matters for you with the police, Dan. You can quit hiding. No more sneaking at night."

"Thanks a million, Chang. You know I'm innocent."

"I convinced them you are. Now live up to it. I got you a

will not betray my trust in you."

"Not on your life!" He was gone, hidden again by the dark of the night.

I thought of a good Samaritan in Oriental guise and of the strange ways of a strange people. I thought of dragons and joss sticks and flowery kimonos and brass gongs in dim-lit temples. And I wondered what there was in the heathen soul that made it so fine, that sustained it when the weight of time and sorrow and heartbreak fell heavy upon it.

"Wish I had a glass of water, I'd baptize you," I said half in earnest, half in jest.

"Too cold for that tonight," Jim said, digging through his basket

for another shirt or whatever it was he intended to iron next.

"Does this go on all the time, every night?" I asked. "People coming in with trouble? I had no idea I'd see things like this in a Chinese laundry."

"Has charity a special sanctuary?" he returned.

"Most people dole it out from an eye dropper," I said. "And I've got an idea that maybe it is I who need a new baptism. Sometimes I think I'm a stinker."

Jim laughed aloud, louder than I'd ever heard him. "The evil that clings to our nature always permeates the fragrance of the ideal in our hearts. Shake hands with another stinker."

"I suppose," I lamed. "I'll bet you overcharged me on my last laundry bill. But I forgive you. It's been an odd experience just to sit here. Humor, pathos, drama—they all walk in through that door."

"No, no drama," he interjected. "None of the things you say. Merely the facets of life—"

But I interrupted him. "If what I've seen here isn't drama, then there is no such thing."

He put down his ironing, relit the horrible pipe, sucked on it until it belched black smoke. A funeral pyre couldn't have smelled worse.

"Drama is much more than all this," he said, leaning on the coun-

ter and laughing at me with his eyes. "If you will wait another hour and come along with me to a place where I go often, you will then see a tremendously moving drama."

"I've been to the night court a lot of times," I said. "I've seen all that stuff."

"Then why does this place surprise you?" he returned.

"Because it has a heart," I retorted. "In court, all they give one is the bum's rush."

"I know a man who got a bum's rush so sordid that—"

I interrupted him again. I never was one to have good manners. "I'm an author," I said. "Dramatic stuff is my meat. If you can show me anything more dramatic than what I've already seen tonight, I'll do your ironing for you tomorrow night."

Wouldn't you know it, he took me up on that. And I put in eight hours at the ironing board while that grinning Chinaman just sat there and cooked the tar in his pipe. Whoever first called the Orientals inscrutable sure knew what he was talking about, for they'll fool you every time or almost every time.

Anyhow, how was I to guess that he'd take me to the six o'clock mass at Saint Vincent's where he'd been a daily communicant for over twenty years!



Jim Shea

**If you have the right girl
the Church has a blessing for your solemn engagement.**

JIM had a girl he wanted to marry, and he had an engagement ring to fit her finger. But he still had a serious problem. How should he go about giving her the ring? Instinctively he felt there ought to be some ceremony attached to the event. He had thought of remarking casually to her some evening, "Well, here it is," and slipping it on her finger. That would be easy enough, but he was pretty sure it wouldn't be right.

Finally he hit upon a sensible solution. He asked Susan what she thought about it. "Why don't you give it to me in church?" she suggested promptly.

"Good idea," said Jim wondering why he hadn't thought of it himself.

"Before the Blessed Mother's altar," she added.

"Great!"

This was going to satisfy everyone concerned, he thought, including God. And it looked pretty easy, too.

But in the meantime Susan began asking questions about getting engaged. "If it's so important," she said to one of her friends, "why doesn't the Church do something about it? This is one of the most serious steps I have ever considered in my life. Doesn't the Church take it seriously?"

Her pastor finally supplied the answer. "The Church has a blessing for the engagement ring," he told her. "Do you want me to bless it?"

She told him about their plan of meeting before the altar of the Blessed Mother. "Well, I'll bless it there," said the pastor. "We'll make it a formal, solemn engagement. I'll say a few words about the idea, too—no sermon, just a

little explanation of the ceremony and why it is important."

"We'll invite some of our friends," said Susan delightedly. "Jim won't mind."

Then she heard of a beautifully lettered document printed by a Middle Western monastery reciting the promise to marry and asking God's help for the couple preparing to receive the Sacrament. She sent for one.

By this time Jim realized the engagement ceremony was going to be more than he had bargained for. "But if I want to marry her," he told himself, "I shouldn't be ashamed to say so before our friends. And if I believe Matrimony is a sacrament then I'm lucky to have a priest bless our preparation for it and get us off to a good start."

And as they walked up the side aisle on the Sunday afternoon of their solemn engagement he thought, "This is almost like getting married." Later he reminded himself that becoming engaged is *supposed* to be almost like getting married.

At the altar rail, in the presence of their pastor, they recited together their promises, reading from the document she had sent for:

"In the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ, Amen. Before Almighty God and His heavenly court, and in the presence of the witnesses

whose names are affixed to this document, we the undersigned promise to one another by this ecclesiastical engagement Marriage in Christ. We further promise that by the frequent devout reception of the holy sacraments, by prayer and charity, by mutual respect and chastity we shall assist one another in preparing worthily for the blessed day of our Marriage in Christ. We have made this promise before the altar of our most holy Mother Mary. We humbly ask the Virgin Mother Mary to carry our promise to the throne of God and to obtain for us His grace and blessing."

In his little homily the pastor said it was too bad more people did not take advantage of the Church's rich treasury of blessings and rituals. And he said he hoped many more couples planning to marry would come to Church to have their engagement rings blessed and their promises solemnized.

As the couple left the Church, their friends sang a hymn from the Holy Thursday liturgy, one that Jim and Susan have long since memorized as a frequent family prayer:

"Where charity and love are, there is God. When, therefore, we are assembled in one, let us take heed that we be not divided in mind. Let malignant quarrels and contentions cease. And let Christ

our God dwell in the midst of us. Let us also with the blessed see Thy face in glory, O Christ our God, there to possess an immense and happy joy, for infinite ages of ages. Amen."

A few days later Jim took the engagement certificate to a department store in a large city to have it framed. He had hardly left the counter when he heard the clerk call to one of her fellow-workers, "Get a load of this, Kate." And when he came back a week later to pick it up his ears burned as he became conscious of the curious stares of the girls in the department.

But he took it and hung it on the living room wall of their new home. And it still hangs there, a testimonial to the seriousness of Christian promises, especially the promise of marriage in Christ.

And since their marriage five years ago many other couples have

exchanged their promises to marry in the same solemn fashion. Luckily, the ceremony is flexible, and usually the young woman chooses the psalms or hymns she considers appropriate to the event. But these are incidental. What is important is that the young man and young woman who take part in a solemn engagement ceremony give public testimony that they consider preparation for marriage a sacred thing. And by treating this time of preparation in a serious and holy manner, they are helping to restore to Christ the marriage promise. If they succeed in this they will have made a major contribution to the restoration of marriage, the family, and the home. And they will have dealt a damaging blow to the modern heresy of secularism, which declares that God has no place in these ordinary things of every-day life.



If you are writing to Father Murphy

be sure to add the address because there are in these United States about 336 Father Murphys. And if you add only the first initial "J" there are 123 who could claim a letter addressed to Father J. Murphy. And if you write out the first name, John, your letter may reach one of fifty-seven Father John Murphys. And if you add the middle initial "J" there are still 21 in this country who answer to the call of Father John J. Murphy.

The official Catholic Directory for 1951 shows that there are 43,889 priests in the United States. The name that can claim the greatest number of priests is Murphy, the number being 336. However, those who are named Sullivan have ground here for argument because if we add the O'Sullivans to the Sullivans, they take first place above the Murphys. And even without the O'Sullivans the Sullivans are very little behind the Murphys. The numbers are as follows:

Father John J. Sullivan..	21
Father John Sullivan ---	56
Father J. Sullivan	110
Father Sullivan	311

Adding the O'Sullivans

Father John J. O'Sullivan	24
Father John O'Sullivan ---	64
Father J. O'Sullivan	128

365 Sullivans and O'Sullivans	
Father John J. Murphy --	21
Father John Murphy ----	57
Father J. Murphy	123
Father Murphy	336

The name that takes first place among the bishops is Byrne, there being three bishops and one archbishop with that name. There are three bishops named Walsh and three named O'Hara.

All the apostles are represented with the exception of Matthias. There is a Father Andrew, Bartholomew, James, John, Peter, Paul, Simon, Jude, Matthew, Thomas and also a Father Christ. We are considering here only the family names. There is a Father Deacon, Father Archdeacon, Father Priest, Father Dean, Father Bishop, Father Cardinal, Father Pope, Father Prior, and Father Abbott.

There is a Father Abel and Father Cain, Father Adam and Father Abraham, Father David and Father Solomon and Father Elias. First in the list of the nearly 44,000 priests is Father Abadie and last is Father Zywolewski.

Patrick Shaughnessey, O.S.B.

DESIGNS for CHRISTIAN LIVING

ADOLPH SCHALK

is more than a new venture

In the religious goods business.

It is a crusade for better taste

in the making and selection of religious articles.

THE thing began as a private gripe of former furniture salesman Bob Dolan, and his pal, Bill Wren, who had been an insurance underwriter. Their joint gripe was against cheaply constructed and poorly designed religious "junk" sold in five-and-tens, and even in many religious goods stores.

Both men felt the need for a central clearing house of genuine Christian art and accessories which would be made available to the public.

"We got the idea," says Bill "in the spring of 1948. For a long time Bob and I felt the need of a service that would make genuinely religious items, like Christian Christmas cards, and religious articles available to the public. So we stuck our necks out and found ourselves in business."

There was no capital to finance the enterprise. Bob who is married and is the father of two children, took \$25 from the kids' piggy bank and added it to the \$75 that Bill had saved. Given the use of the basement of the diocese-sponsored Catholic Community Free Library, 301 E. Armor St., Kansas City, Missouri, the men built a few shelves, got a few crates for furniture and bought a German typewriter for \$15.

Calling their shop, as well as the works of art which they distribute and sell, "Designs for Christian Living," Bob and Bill were in business. "We wrote like mad," explained Bill, "to all the recognized artists we heard of all over the country. Very soon one artist told us about another, one publishing shop told us about another shop in the same line, and



we began to get orders."

For the first year neither of the partners took a salary (there wasn't one to take). Bob worked at a furniture store, taught social principles at a local Catholic high school, and worked at "Designs" part-time. Bill lived at home and worked full time at "Designs."

One day in October of 1949 Bill was able to tell his friends, "I'm making a salary at 'Designs' now." The salary was \$30 a month. At last report the young men (both in their thirties) were making the business self-sustaining.

Because they do not think that the shop should be operated on a profit motive, Bob and Bill are opposed to selling non-religious

Christmas and Easter cards merely because they are popular. Nor will they stock their shelves with junky religious items such as luminous assembly-line, plastic crucifixes that shine in the dark, or "sugar-coated" religious statues and pictures that make Christ look like an ad in *ESQUIRE* merely because people are used to them.

Asked what the main purpose of "Designs" is, Bob says, "It's kind of hard to put into words. Pope Pius XII said that 'the most important thing in the world today is for everybody to live the life of the Church.' We think putting a crucifix on the wall of a home, wearing a wedding ring that has a Christian inscription, sending Christmas cards that convey the proper Christmas spirit, are ways of putting into effect the urgent message of the Holy Father."

But Bob and Bill warn potential customers not to think that the mere possession of any or all of these articles will of itself assure a flowering of the full Christian life in individuals and society. At best, Wren and Dolan consider the objects they make available to people as accessories to Christian living, and no more than that.

In the foreword of their catalogue (the only one known that is sold for fifty cents a copy and worth it) Bob and Bill explain their work further.

"Our selection of religious goods," they write, "is made with the intention that their purchase will not merely satisfy the demand for having religious articles around the house, but will encourage their users to a more active share in the life of the Church.

"The sections of this catalogue parallel the liturgy. When an item fits this pattern and shows skill in the making, we consider it a *design for Christian living*."

Some of the things sold by "Designs" (mostly by mail order as Bill and Bob do not as yet have a street level store) include: books, magazines, newspapers, booklets, crucifixes, Sacrament-announcement and Sacrament-congratulation cards, pictures, statues.

But unlike similar items sold in many religious goods houses, the work sold by them reflects an integrity and beauty of craftsmanship that mass-produced items of the five-and-ten do not have.

Donald McDonald, writing a review of the "Designs" catalogue which appeared in the Catholic MESSENGER of Davenport, Iowa, made some appropriate remarks.

Speaking about the artists chosen by "Designs," McDonald says that they are artists "who, when they think of Christ crucified do not see Him resting com-

fortably on a pink plastic cross, but who rather see spiritual realities like redemption and suffering and the magnitude of sin which could demand such redemption and such suffering; artists who see this and then express what they see in wood or stone or ceramic; who give to material substance an expression of spiritual truth which is strong and virile and beautiful and frequently thrilling to behold."

It is impossible in this space to mention all the artists and writers who supply "Designs" with its materials. Some of the more famous are Jean Charlot, Carl Merschel, Ade Bethune, Sister Mary of the Compassion, Patricia Watters, Ann Grill, Karl Adam and Gerald Vann, O.P.

"Designs" receives orders from all over the world from Catholics as well as from non-Catholics and carries works of art by Protest-



ants as well as those executed by Catholics. The scope of their work is broad in its appeal and has direct bearing, whether large or small, on the condition of the world at large.

For example, "Designs" has on sale fine reproductions of Eastern Art: paintings, icons, murals. The pictures are printed or hand-colored by monks of Chevtagne Abbey in Belgium who do this as part of their work toward reuniting the Eastern Church to their Western bretheren.

Bob and Bill think of their objects of art as concrete objects that convey religious ideas to a troubled world, much in the same way as works of art and cathed-

ral of the past were regarded as "Bibles in stone."

An example of a personal touch at "Designs" that is not common in ordinary businesses is a letter they received from a marine sergeant in Korea recently.

"Would you be so kind," he writes from the battlefield, "as to send one of your catalogues to my wife... You see, my wife and I are expecting a young one around the first of January and I want him to be baptized in one of your baptismal robes. You folks are in my thoughts frequently. I hope that your good work is prospering and that people are living more vital lives because of your enterprise."



SECRET OF HAPPINESS

I am going to reveal to you a secret of sanctity and happiness. If every day during five minutes, you will keep your imagination quiet, shut your eyes to all things of sense, close your ears to all sounds of earth, so as to be able to withdraw into the sanctuary of your baptized soul which is the Temple of the Holy Spirit, speaking there to the Holy Spirit, saying:

Holy Spirit, soul of my soul, I adore thee. Enlighten, guide, strengthen and console me. Tell me what I ought to do and command me to do it. I promise to be submissive in everything that thou shalt ask of me and to accept all that thou permittest to happen to me. Only show me that it is thy will.

If you do this your life will pass happily and serenely, consolation will be given in proportion to the trial, as well as strength to bear it, bringing you to the gates of Paradise, full of merit. This submission to the Holy Spirit is the secret of sanctity.

—CARDINAL MERCIER

"All cruelty springs from weakness."

SENECA

"The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church."

TERTULLIAN

BECKY GOES TO MASS



Rose Lee Van Mol

There is nothing like flowers in church
especially on an old lady's hat.

WE took the baby to Mass with us last Sunday. You must start sometime, after all, and Becky is getting to be a big girl now. We explained all this to her on Saturday night while Gerry, my husband, gave her a bath and shampoo and I pressed the ribbons on her bonnet and cleaned her shoes. She seemed to understand. She said "da." She always says "da," varying the expression with the occasion; this "da" seemed charged with excitement.

Next morning, laden with zwieback, the baby's favorite plush teddybear, and several jingly objects to divert her, I followed the usher down the aisle. Becky and her father came behind, she flirting with the congregation from Daddy's shoulder.

Established in a pew, we fussily arranged her between us. Her hair, which ordinarily curls to a beguiling ruff, angled stubbornly this way and that; but black lashes half covered her fat little cheeks, her best pink dress was

starched just right. She and teddy sat up primly, and we opened our prayerbooks.

Three joyful "da's" and a rustling of starched dress electrified us. We turned; beside us was a nice, elderly lady wearing a grandmotherly hat heaped with violets at the side. Becky had these firmly in her grasp.

"Becky! No, no! Becky mustn't touch!" But Becky had touched, and she would not relinquish.

"Zwieback." I mouthed the word tensely.

"Zwieback," echoed Gerry, swiftly passing me the wax-paper wrapped pacifier.

I unwrapped it, held it up for Becky and all the church to see. "Zwieback," I explained. 'Oh, good zweiback!' Fortunately, she was hungry.

The violets were disheveled. "Sorry. Oh, we're so sorry." I whispered brokenly. The lady smiled a nervous twitch. She was very nice about it.

Becky quickly chewed her bread to the consistency of wet adobe and spread it down her front. This done, she looked around her. Then, before my agonized gaze, she made for those violets again.

I prayed for guidance. Gerry seemed to be praying, too, very hard. His eyes were shut tight and his fists clenched.

Clutching her toy by a leg, I pleaded, "Becky want pretty Ted-

dy?" The child turned, and in her chuckle was unmistakable refusal.

Gerry dangled his key ring. With a disdainful "da!" she struck it to the floor.

I hurriedly examined my conscience as to propriety of usage, and then, as mothers have done for centuries, placed my rosary in the babe's small hands. Ignorant of her part in the classic scene, Becky continued her advance on the flowers, the rosary giving a rattling alarm.

I bent my head and moved it slowly in front of her, bobbing it gently up and down, hoping to entice her with the veil of my hat. I reflected with despair on what the people behind us must think of my behavior. My progress stopped with a jerk as Becky accepted the lure, and the remainder of my prayers were read at a forty-five degree angle.

On our way home I wondered what Gerry would say. Things like this *matter* to him. And in church, too. I looked sideways. He was frowning at the windshield. "You know," he said thoughtfully, "If we washed her hair Friday night it would be curly by Sunday."

I sighed, and counted to ten. "Yes, darling," I said meekly, "it probably would, and if I rub Sloan's Liniment on my neck the soreness will go away."



WASTED TALENT

Anna-Margaret Record

Dee was suffering from a bad case of self pity,
and Juanita's visit only made it worse.


WHEN Dee got back from Charles' goodbye kiss, and Trudy's lingering farewell at the front door before starting schoolward, her coffee was, as she expected, stone cold and tasteless. She was usually philosophical about it, reheated the pot, and drank a cup of warmed-over coffee which she didn't like. But this morning, rebelliously conscious of a bad headache, she dumped out the still-warm grounds, scalded the pot, and defiantly made herself some fresh coffee. Her own bel-

ligerence amused her a little. Certainly Charles didn't expect her to drink cold coffee, or warmed-over coffee, either, since she disliked it!

The defiance, she decided, was for herself and the dreary rut—not entirely, but partly, of her own making—in which she seemed to spend her days.

"I was going to do so much," she mused, resting her throbbing head on her hand and marked idly on the tablecloth with the handle of a spoon. "Well—this is it.

Toa
the
for
yes,
An
mo
real
roll
B
coff
ther
cer,
wat
F
fou
pra
kitch
Mar
bre
you
T
bird
ture
day
glin
B
tren
ton
wet
the
off
and
ed,
bra
she
hair
silk
its
bea
a w
AUG



Toast and coffee, Bobby's formula, the day's laundry, clean coveralls for Fern and Frankie... and, oh, yes, a mountain of greasy dishes. And acres of dirty floor to be mopped and waxed each week. I've really done a lot with my honor roll average since leaving college."

Broodingly, she sipped the fresh coffee and chewed a bite of toast, then put the rest of it on her saucer, got up, and began splashing water into the dishpan.

Fern and Frankie, three and four and a half, respectively, pranced exuberantly into the kitchen, shouting, "Mamma!" "Hi, Mama!" "I'm *nungry*!" "I want breakfast, Mama!" "Mama, did you hear me said I'm *nungry*?"

The high trilling voices, like bird-music shrill with the adventure of waking on another exciting day, pierced Dee's head with jangling echoes.

Biting back the rebuke that trembled—unjustly—on her tongue, she stripped off Fern's wet pajamas, dropped them into the washing machine, sponged her off quickly in the bathroom basin, and slid her into a clean, but faded, knit shirt and a pair of chambray overalls. With quick strokes, she brushed Fern's goldy-brown hair to glistening, shoulder-length silk, and watched the sun glint on its drake-tail ends. Fern had beautiful hair. Dee twisted back a wavy topknot and fastened it

with a barrette to keep it out of her eyes.

"There you are, monkey," she said, popping Fern into her high chair and snapping her plastic bib around her neck. "All right, Frankie—face and paws... hair... I declare, I think you're a direct descendant of the wild men of Borneo!"

The yellow-striped shirt had been Trudy's, the dusty-green coveralls an older cousin's. The children's round rosy faces and dancing eyes sparkled with appealing health, their beauty emphasized, it seemed, by the drab, though scrupulously clean, play clothes.

Dee buttered toast for them, and served their plates with scrambled eggs.

"I saw Trudy goin' bye-bye, school," Fern observed in her abbreviated baby speech. "I wave. Trudy wave."

"Daddy climbed on the bus, Mama," Frankie informed her importantly. "I *saw* him climb on the bus!"

"Daddy was going to work," Dee said mechanically, back at her dishwashing again.

"Bobby cwyin'," said Fern concernedly, her shining head tipped a little to listen. "Mama, Bobby *cwyin*!"

Both Fern and Frankie repeated things—maddeningly it seemed to Dee at times. This was one of

the times. Now the baby's wails penetrated the foggy pain that enveloped her head. Feeling that she would scream herself if the wails did not stop, she left the dishes again, hurried into the little nursery off the kitchen, and made Bobby comfortable with a dry shirt and diapers.

Restoring his rejected bottle, Dee rubbed the silky fuzz on his round little noggin. "Carrot-top," she said softly. "Snub-nosed little redhead... you beautiful, funny-faced little scrap of a baby!"

Confident of his charm, Bobby was impervious to adoring insults. Amusedly he gurgled, and let milk bubbles foam out at the corners of his mouth.

Dee went back to the kitchen with a little smile lingering on her lips, wiped Fern and Frankie's faces again, untied their bibs, and sent them out into the back yard sunshine to play. She scalded the dishes, piled them in the drainer, and half-heartedly started the washing machine. Ordinarily she washed everything each morning, to a lilting, wordless little chant of contentment, running out diapers, bedding, and clothing with speed and efficiency.

Today her smoothly functioning system bogged down in the mental foggiest of a splitting headache. She stopped, finally, long enough to swallow a couple of aspirin capsules, and haltingly dragged her

way through the baby's things. At that point, with abrupt rebellion, she shut off the motor, threw the other clothes back into the hamper, and lugged the basket of wet diapers and crib blankets out to the clothesline.

Hanging them up seemed to take forever. She had no thumbs: the pins dropped perversely to the grass, the diapers clung in limp, damp twists instead of shaking out into smooth snowy rectangles as they usually did.

Dee checked on the children, found them playing amicably in the sand pile, and went back to the kitchen. As she stepped through the door, the phone was shrilling in the living room, and she hurried to reach it before it should stop ringing.

"Dee?" It was her sister's voice. "Where in the world have you been?—Oh, you and your perpetual washing.... Well, listen, Juanita Holme is in town! She's going to drop in on you this afternoon."

"Juanita Holme! Good heavens, Debby, why would she drop in on me? We were in high school together, and friendly enough, but I can't remember that we were ever intimate—"

"Oh, I don't know, Deedy. It's just that she's looking up her old classmates, I guess, and you're one of them. I ran into her on the street, and she knew me in-

stantly. Remember how she used to look? Now she looks just exactly the way a designer of children's clothes ought to look!"

"Trudy has a Juana frock," said Dee, remembering the charming green frock with the delicate smocking that Trudy wore on special days, "and Fern has a Juanette model. Did you see the Juanette and Juanito brother-and-sister outfits we got Fern and Frankie for Easter?"

"They're precious," Debby said warmly. "Well—I've got a zillion things to do, sis. I thought you'd want to know, just in case."

Dee's grin crept into her voice. "Just in case the living room resembles an annex of Weinberger's junk yard? It does, it does. And I resemble the bride of Frankenstein."

"You'll do all right, Deedy," rejoined Debby warmly and loyally, "but after all, four kids can wreck any schedule—and any house—at any moment. "Bye! I'll see you."

Dee sat still for a minute, trying to think. . . . Juanita Holme, famous designer! . . . The girl she remembered — vaguely — was mousy and shy, with her brains seemingly in her supple fingers. She could never prove a geometry proposition, translate a Latin paragraph, or diagram a sentence in English grammar. But she could draw anything—catch a fleeting expression, a poignant

scene, an uncanny likeness. She drew charming toddlers in the margins of her notebooks, quaint little kindergartners in enchanting frocks and bonnets to match. Strangely enough, her own clothes, though painfully neat, were uncompromisingly dowdy—and appropriate!

Juanita Holme, a career girl—and a successful one! It was a conception hard to grasp! All over again, bitterly, Dee's sense of failure engulfed her. She, too, had had talent: a bright gift with words, a sparkle to the twist of a phrase. She had been convinced, all her life, that one day she would write—that people would pick up a book or a magazine because the name Deirdre Anderson was on the cover. But, years ago, Deirdre Anderson, the potential writer, had been swallowed up in Dee Carpenter, the practical housewife.

"And I'm not even a very good housewife," Dee scolded herself mercilessly. "I *don't* have an immaculate house or angelic children. I don't do *anything* a bit better than a dozen other people I know, and most things not so well. . . ."

In sudden passion for perfection in *something*, she pitched furiously into housecleaning, swept, dusted, scoured, mopped. At lunch time, she was too tired to eat, and was conscious of the

headache, back again and perceptibly nagging. She was sharp, too, with the children, and scooted them off to their naps without the gay persiflage they loved and expected. Their hurt faces and clouded eyes troubled her as she ran the water for her bath. Conscience-smitten, she went back and kissed them, stroking their soft tangled hair with remorseful fingertips.

The hot bath helped. Dee brushed her hair hard to make it shine like copper floss, and pinned her pigtails up behind the soft swirling rolls she had fashioned on either side of her center part. She hadn't set her hair for weeks. Because it was comfortable, she had been fastening her short braids with rubber bands, the way she did Trudy's, and in the mirror the childish hair-do looked silly on a woman approaching thirty.

"I look," Dee informed her reflection, "like a case of arrested development, or a peasant from central Europe!"

Once a salesman, she recalled with a giggle, had mistaken her for a GI bride, and had spoken slowly and distinctly, with exaggerated gestures. He had gone away, baffled, convinced her refusal to buy his product was due to her inability to understand English!

She was tying the sash on her prettiest house dress, a grey ging-

ham with yellow bees appliqued across the skirt from hem to waist line, when she heard the doorbell. Juanita Holme was a slender young woman, expensively, simply dressed, a tiny beret, like a child's, tipped to the back of her head. The soft bangs, too, were youthful, like the short curls over her ears. There was nothing left of the mousy, retiring girl Dee remembered. In a way, oddly, she seemed younger now, at thirty, than she had at sixteen!

"Dee!" Juanita exclaimed, with obvious pleasure. "Dee Anderson! It's been a long time since Miss Stevenson's class in Senior English!..."

"It certainly has," Dee agreed, taking the impulsively outstretched hand. "Do come in, Juanita!"

She was acutely aware of the shabby couch and the scratches on the floor as Juanita Holme followed her into the living room. The costly suit, so deceptively plain, emphasized the cheapness of the Carpenters' house and furnishings. The cushion covers were faded and, to Dee's newly hypercritical eye, dirty, though she had put them on clean only a couple of days before.

But Juanita said softly, "What a pleasant room! It looks so lived-in... Your sister told me you had four children now, Dee. Could I—if any of them are awake?"

"Of course, Juanita. Trudy's at school, and it's naptime for Frankie and Fern, but I think Bobby's awake." Dee brought him from the nursery, red-headed and roly-poly, and chuckling with glee at being taken out of his bed.

"Oh, Dee! The darling!" Eagerly, Juanita reached for him, but Dee said quickly, flourishing the diapers over her arm, "Let me change him first. He's sopping wet."

"Please. Let me do it." Expertly, before Dee could protest, she had Bobby across her lap and the dry pants pinned around his chubby hips.

Serving tea and home-baked cookies after Bobby had been admired and returned to his crib, Dee tried to build the conversation about Juanita's designing, but Juanita herself was reluctant to talk about it.

"Oh," she said finally, rather casually, "I *have* been lucky, Dee, and I love my work... But how about you? I can see how busy you must be with your family, but I've always wondered... You see, in Miss Stevenson's composition class, I used to think you'd write. All of us did."

"No, I... never found time." The words came quietly over a bitter taste in Dee's mouth.

"I don't wonder! You're doing something so much more important," Juanita responded warmly.

"Hello! Who are these little people?"

Fern ducked shyly into the room beside Dee's chair, and Frankie, in shirt and panties, stared solemnly at the stranger.

"I'm Fwankie," he stated, with the slight lisp that embarrassment always gave rise to. "She's Fern. I'm bigger than her."

"Yes, I see you are.—Fern looks exactly like a pixie, doesn't she?"

For a moment Frankie considered Fern's pointed face and gentian eyes. "Ah-hah. Have you got any little boys or girls like us?"

"No. But I make clothes for them."

"How?"

"I draw the clothes." Juanita said, speaking slowly and clearly. "I make a picture, and then—"

"Draw a picture for *me*," Frankie invited, with a sparkle of interest. "Here!"

He ran to the little table in the corner and brought her a pad of paper and a box of crayons. Fern, too, edged shyly toward Juanita, her finger in her mouth, and climbed on the couch beside her. Magically, it seemed, the pages of the pad became covered with adorable children. Frankie and Fern clutched the pictures ecstatically as Juanita tore them off.

"Dollies!" Fern breathed, wide-eyed at the possession of so much treasure.

And then Juanita sketched *them*, handing Fern's likeness to Frankie, and his to her.

"It's a pixie," Frankie stated, fascinated, his gaze on the green pointed cap and short scalloped tunic. "Like in our fairy book Mama reads us. But—Mama, it's Fern! It's a pixie, but it's *Fern!* Look!"

"Buzz," said Fern, staring solemnly at her picture of Frankie. "Buzz, being a brownie!"

"Oh, Juanita," Dee exclaimed, "how very charming!... When I think how much you've accomplished—how much you've *done* with your talent—Why, I haven't done anything! You make me ashamed of the way I've neglected what talent I had—"

Juanita Holme looked at her wonderingly, a strange expression on her lovely face. Slowly she queried, "What have I accomplished that compares with all you have, Dee?"

Her comprehensive glance took in the shabby, comfortable room, the two children beside her, the photographs of Charles, Trudy, and Baby Bobby on the piano. As she rose to go, Juanita Holme said gently, "My fiancé was killed in New Guinea, Dee, eight years ago... Otherwise, I too, might have the reality instead of the

shadow—a real child to dress instead of paper dolls."

Dee kept hearing the quiet voice over and over, as she cooked supper, washed faces, and brushed hair. Trudy's wiry, reddish pig-tails, from which fine wisps constantly escaped and floated around her face, was her despair. She rebraided it, this evening, with tender fingers, without commenting—as she usually did—on its unmanageable qualities. Thumping the freckled nose whimsically, she said, "There you are, Miss LaMarr!"

Trudy chortled blissfully. "Oh, Mama, that's a poem!"

"I'm a poet, and didn't know it," Dee answered promptly and brilliantly, to Trudy's further delight.

"Corny," said Charles from the doorway, with lofty scorn. "Sheer corn!"

Dee kissed him lingeringly, remembering—Charles, too, had been in New Guinea eight years ago... And later she glanced around the supper table with a glow of contentment. She might never see her name on the cover of a book or on the title page of a magazine, but here, living and lovely, were her masterpieces—four of them—works of art beyond the fashioning of clay or paper or pigments, masterpieces possessing immortal souls, destined by the grace of God for eternal life.



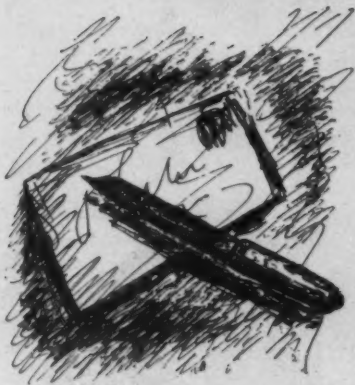
FAVORITE FAMILY PHOTOS

Stevie is four.

His picture pulls aside the curtain of time and for a fleeting instant we are face to face with that priceless treasure—the smiling innocence of childhood.

We offer \$5.00 for all photos accepted. Unposed, human interest snapshots of the family are preferred.

LETTERS TO FOUR WIVES



Grace Rogan

**A family which shares its love
enriches all who feel its warmth.**

DAVID and I walk the hundred yards to our mailbox at 9:24 each morning, three minutes after the rural mail-carrier has passed. David looks forward to large packages and I expect notes from family and friends. During the first days of each month, I anticipate mail that is postmarked Toronto, Minnesota or Wisconsin. For from one of these places will come a letter bright with the description of adventures in Christian family life.

For two and a half years I have been exchanging letters each month with four other young wives. We encourage each other by sharing our experiences of family prayer, work, celebrations and recreation. Our correspondence began almost by chance. Monica and I had met each other at the Blessed Martin House, an interracial center on Chicago's west side. Upon comparing notes we discovered that our wedding dates were only a few weeks

apart
thur
urb
could
mont
town
move
ised
quen
ideal
to re
even
affair
move
we w
even
Moni

He
news
a n
four
Step
born

I
writ
much
and
and
what
the
read
ly a
sche
bies
moth
writ
to m
to a
come
men

AUG

S
apart. After their marriage, Arthur and Monica settled in a suburb of Chicago where Jim and I could visit them often. Some months later they moved to a small town in Minnesota. Before they moved, Monica and I had promised to write to each other frequently. We shared the same ideals and interests and wanted to retain our bond of friendship even if it were a long-distance affair. Soon after, Jim and I also moved away from Chicago. Since we were somewhat isolated, I had even more reason for anticipating Monica's letters.

Her latest note was full of news—Arthur's work, settling in a new community and three-fourths of it devoted to baby Stephen, age three months, first-born son.

I sat down to answer. My typewriter tapped away. There was much to tell especially since Jim and I also had a son, aged three and a half months. I read over what I had written before sealing the envelope. I paused and then read the note again. It was mostly about David, his antics, his schedule, some observations on babies in general and the joy of motherhood. It had been fun to write, but suddenly it occurred to me that we had been getting into a rut. With the first baby had come all the wonder and excitement we had imagined we would

experience. But three months of letters full of comparisons of weights, heights and other baby developments showed the growing limitations of our outlook.

We were not seeing beyond the physical development of our sons. We suddenly realized that their growth in wisdom and grace, as members of the Christian family, was more important than their extra ounces or the first baby teeth. Everything in our correspondence had been revolving around the two boys, David and Stephen, who were the centers of attraction in each household.

I recalled the vision Jim and I had of our life together. We were convinced that marriage must be for us the road to sanctity. We had a great desire to build a strong family life and to make our home a little church as St. John Chrysostom calls it. We knew the strength and grace to make this vision a reality would come by living with the Church. If we began our day by attending Mass there would be a right order to our life. Prayer, work, family celebrations and recreation would be infused with the spirit of love and unity which is the fruit of sharing daily in the sacrifice of the Mass.

If Monica and I exchanged these ideas as faithfully as we had formerly compared baby notes, we would be renewed in spirit and

strengthened in resolution to center our family life in Christ. This thought bore fruit in our letters—"Dear-Sister-in-Christ." Monica was enthusiastic when I suggested that we discuss the opportunities for the growth of the family through daily Mass, morning and evening prayers and spiritual reading in the home. We thought of three other young wives, who were more or less isolated as we were, and invited them to become part of our correspondence circle. We all shared the same desire to see the flowering of the Christian spirit in our families.

So we began a series of letters. Each month one wife writes to the other four—thus actually writing once every five months. We comment on books which help us to deepen and widen our vision of a whole and holy life. We describe family celebrations and recreation. Since we are living with the Church, celebrating her feasts and observing her fasts, so too our letters reflect the spirit of the Church year.

Because of the inspiration and encouragement which these letters have given to us, I would like to quote from them. They show how in each of our families we are striving to work out a pattern of holiness.

In one of our first letters, Monica tells of living in a community which publicly acknowledges its



dependence upon Divine Providence. "On the Rogation Days," she writes, "we marched in procession around the city park—about 1000 strong. On Corpus Christi we celebrated Mass on the Cathedral portico and then marched to various outdoor altars in a large city park for Benediction. Memorial Day was observed by the celebration of a solemn Pontifical Mass in the stadium. Throughout the year parents and children are made aware of the Church's desires by projects such as family prayer, the making of home altars, Advent wreaths and similar articles for the home. This morning it was announced

tha
eac
sun
ver
ha
J
yea
to
cele
ver
tifu
tent
a H
and
vow
able
alm
ried
tuat
and
Hol
step
pre
and
and
terv
a fe
par
putt
can
Dan
of
of c
tert
tabl
V
sug
she
to h
ery
AUG

that the parish priests will visit each home and bless it during the summer. This seemed to us a very fitting close to one of the happiest years we have known."

Jane, from her experience of ten years of married life, helped us to understand how we should celebrate our own wedding anniversaries in a solemn and beautiful manner. "We celebrated our tenth wedding anniversary with a High Mass at the College church and the renewal of our marriage vows. One of our witnesses was able to be with us so that it was almost like the day we were married. We three knelt in the sanctuary during the renewal of vows and during the Mass and received Holy Communion on the altar steps. Some of our friends were present (those who could come and still get to work on time) and also some of the students. Afterwards we came home and had a festive breakfast. We had prepared the table the night before, putting on our best linen and the candles that I had decorated for Dan and myself with the symbols of marriage. Elizabeth cut out of colored paper a cross with intertwined rings which lay on the table as a decoration."

Virginia gave a very practical suggestion about the way in which she has introduced her son John to his patron saint. "Almost every child has a picture or two



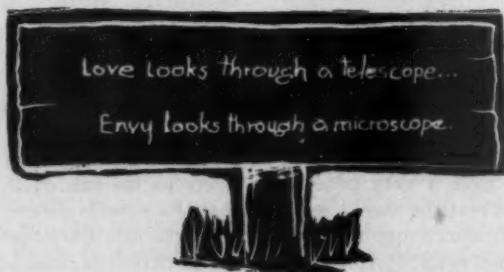
over its bed. Often they are well chosen prints but not so important as to occupy such an impressionable spot. We have a plan which we hope will be fruitful in future years. In identical frames over John's bed we have his baptismal certificate and the collect of St. John's Mass. The certificate is printed by Viterbo College, La Crosse, Wis. The collect is hand printed as attractively as we can do it. We hope that John will always remember his birth into Christ and his wonderful patron because of this early experience."

The importance of families' enjoying recreation together is stressed in one of Mary's letters:

"Two weeks ago we had a picnic at our home. About one hundred people came, representing many of the Catholic Action groups in the city and those interested in the family apostolate. We planned a program of recreation with two other young couples. Mary and Jim led group games and singing. We dramatized in a simple way the story of Sara and Tobias from the Old Testament. It was very appropriate that Tim and I read the parts of Sara and Tobias, since our anniversary was just two days away. After a picnic supper, we had square dancing for both adults and children. We ended the day by reciting evening prayers. The parents remarked how well behaved the children had been (about 35 in all) and said that they wished we could get together more often as families to relax and recreate. We plan to have such days several times a

year in the attempt to spread the idea of communal recreation in the Christian spirit."

These selections give an idea of how we learned from each other. Through sharing our experiences in family life we have grown in the conviction that holiness begins in the home and that the Christian renewal must begin in the family. While we try to infuse every aspect of our lives with the Christian spirit, we are coming to realize the truth of Father Gerald Vann's words, "the family—must give itself to and for the world. It must be for the world a visible demonstration of the religion of love; and that it will be, first of all, by its own unity and peace; but the unity and peace must turn outward, must radiate love and light and the homage of service so that the home may be, not only something that others can admire, but a hearth to which they can always come and be welcome, and sit, and be warm."



Sign in front of a Protestant Church.

Ju
ing s
it w
semi
catic
rism
bed s
Holy
usua
And
enter
of F
lined
Chur
way
majo
AUG

ABBAY NEWSMONTH

Clement Score, O.S.B.



June 1 was a day of great rejoicing at St. Meinrad. In the first place it was the day of departure of the seminarians for their summer vacation. Long before their usual rising time the boys were out of bed and in the Chapel for Mass and Holy Communion and the prayers usual to the ceremony of departure. And then even before the monks entered the choir for the recitation of Prime, the Greyhound busses, lined up in front of the Abbey Church, were filled and on their way north and south and east. The majority of the boys went home to

a summer job of some kind or another. A few went vacationing. And all went away for a much needed rest of three months until September when school will reopen for the 1951-1952 year.

June 1 was also the day of the Golden Jubilee of our Father Chrysostom Coons, O.S.B. As is usual, Father offered the Solemn High Mass in the presence of the community. Two of his classmates in Profession, Father Celestine and Father Louis, assisted as Deacon and Subdeacon. Father Conrad preached an eloquent sermon for

the occasion. Many of the friends and acquaintances of the Jubilarian were present for the Solemn Mass and for the dinner in the Minor Seminary dining room.

Two days later Father Chrysostom celebrated again at the Parish at Ferdinand, Indiana, where he was pastor for some years prior to the time when Father David Duesing, O.S.B., succeeded him. At this celebration Father Abbot preached the festive sermon.

Father Chrysostom was the second member of the Community to celebrate a Jubilee this year. The first was Father Anthony Michel, whose Diamond Jubilee occurred on May 23. And there would have been a third had Brother Maurus Villinger lived until June 24, when he would have passed the 60th year of his Religious Profession.

Father Chrysostom is now 73 years old, was professed as a monk in 1894 in the same class with Father Celestine and Father Louis, and is the fourth senior Father in the Community. Of course, a man of his age is not unusual in the Community here, as you will find if you look at the records. We have one past 90 years old, 5 others past 80, and 10 past 70. Brother Odilo is the oldest one here; he is 93 and still gets around. Father Anthony is 86, Father Vincent 85, Brother Alphonse 84, Brother Wendelin 83, and Brother Mark 83. Father Louis is 78, Father Celestine 76, Brother Benedict Joseph 74, Brother Rembert 74, Father Chrysostom 73, Father Roman 73, Brother Innocent 73, Father Aloysius 72, Father Al-

bert 70, and Father Henry 70.

June 2 was a very special day for three of our Brothers, for on that day Brother Innocent Benkert, Brother Fidelis Benkert, and Brother Vital Hammerer began a trip back to their homeland in Europe to see their families whom they had not seen for many years. Brother Innocent and Brother Fidelis had not been home for 45 years. Brother Vital left home 28 years ago.

Accompanied by one of the Fathers as their chauffeur as far as Louisville, Kentucky, where they boarded a train, the three travellers left St. Meinrad at 7:30 a.m. on June 2. After a brief stop in Louisville at the home of the mother of Abbot Gerald Benkert (Abbot Gerald is the nephew of Brother Innocent), they took the B & O National Limited for New York, with a two-day stop-over in Washington, D.C., at the home of the mother of Brother Ivo. Arriving in New York, they sailed on the Mauretania on June 7. Their first destination was Le Havre, France, on June 11 or 12. The journey then took them to Cologne, Paris, Krefeld, and then to the homes of their relatives for a stay of about three weeks. They met together again at Einsiedeln Abbey, Switzerland, the Mother Abbey of St. Meinrad, then to Rome for a week before sailing from Genoa on Aug 12 on the Conte Biancamano.

We wonder what the brothers found when they arrived at home after all these years! Brother Innocent left home on Jan 21, 1906, and arrived at St. Meinrad on Candle-

mas
year
ty-f
his
ters
were
ther
fam
only
brot
the
Brit
one
cam
the
ried
unio
who
Gera
com
cent
nash
he i

AUG



mas Day, Feb 2, 1906. He was 26 years old then; now he is 73. Forty-five years ago he left at home his mother, 5 brothers and 3 sisters. All his brothers and sisters were unmarried at that time. Now there remains of his immediate family to greet him in Germany only a brother and a sister; the brother lives in the American Zone; the sister, now a nun, is in the British Zone. Of the six brothers, one of them, Constantine by name, came to Louisville, Kentucky, in the U.S.A.; there he met and married Pauline Effinger. And of this union a large family was born, of whom one, Francis, is now Abbot Gerald of Marmion Abbey. It gets complicated here, but Brother Innocent is a nephew of Abbot Athanasius, 3rd Abbot of St. Meinrad; he is Uncle to Abbot Gerald, and

4th cousin to Brother Fidelis, who was a companion on this trip to Germany.

Brother Fidelis left home on Mar. 11, 1906 and arrived at St. Meinrad on March 24, 1906. He was only 16 years old when he left home; now he is 61. Living at his home in Germany when he left to come to America were his mother and father, 1 brother and 6 sisters. One of the sisters was married; the others were still single. Now all are dead except three. His youngest sister is married and lives in the American Zone in Germany. Another sister is housekeeper for a priest living in the Russian Zone. A third sister is a nun and lives in the British Zone.

Brother Vital had reached the age of 36 when he came to America. Now as he goes back for a visit

to his homeland he is 65. As a layman he went to St. Boniface Abbey in Andechs for the purpose of coming to St. Meinrad as a candidate for the lay brotherhood. He left Europe on April 25, 1923, and arrived at St. Meinrad in the middle of May. His father, 3 brothers and 1 sister were living when he left. On this trip back home he will find 2 of his brothers and his sister still alive, all living in the American Zone.

We wish them all a safe and happy journey and many more years with us after their return.

The summer Retreat began on Sunday evening, June 3. **Father Bede Mitchel, O.S.B.**, of Subiaco Abbey in Arkansas, was the retreat master this year. The occasion brought many old faces back to us for at least a few days. **Father Celestine** was here from Marty, South Dakota, **Father Louis** from Stephan, South Dakota, **Father Daniel** from Winnebago, Nebraska, **Father Augustine** from Stephan, South Dakota, **Father Stanislaus** from St. Michael, North Dakota, **Father Benno** from Marty, **Father Marcelus** from Starlight, **Floyd Knobs**, Indiana, and **Father Roger** from Marty.

Though this item is late, we cannot let this issue pass without some mention at least of the passing of one of the great Benedictine Abbots of modern times. His name: **Abbot Alcuin Deutsch, O.S.B.**, for 29 years Abbot of St. John's Abbey, Collegeville, Minnesota. After suffering a heart attack in his room at 8:30 p.m. on the eve of Pente-

cost, May 12, 1951, Abbot Alcuin died peacefully in the Lord. His death brought to a close the life of one well known throughout the Benedictine world. He governed St. John's Abbey for nearly 30 years. Failing health and advancing years forced him to petition Rome in October, 1950, for the assistance of a coadjutor abbot. His request was granted. And only 6 weeks before his death, his successor, **Rt. Rev. Baldwin Dworschak, O.S.B.**, had been blessed as the 6th Abbot of St. John's. And then, having placed the burden of his office on younger shoulders, he passed to his eternal reward. The Abbey Church at St. John's was crowded to capacity by the hundreds of clergymen, sisters, relatives and friends who gathered on May 17 to pay a final tribute to the memory of Abbot Alcuin. In his sermon following the Solemn Pontifical Requiem Mass, the Most Rev. John Gregory Murray, Archbishop of St. Paul, called special attention to the great apostolic zeal of the abbot who had directed the establishment of numerous missions during the years that he had governed St. John's.

The five absolutions prescribed for the burial of the Church's prelates were given by the Most Reverend Bishops **Thomas A. Welch** of Duluth, **Francis J. Schenk**, Crookston, **Albert G. Meyer**, Superior, **Leonard P. Hagarty, O.S.B.**, Vicar-Apostolic of the Bahamas, and **Peter W. Bartholeme**, St. Cloud, who also celebrated the Requiem Mass. The **Rt. Rev. Baldwin W. Dworschak, O.S.B.**, Abbot Alcuin's suc-

cessor, presided at the graveside ceremonies.

Present in the sanctuary were the Most Rev. John Busch, Bishop of St. Cloud, Rt. Rev. Ignatius Esser, Abbot of St. Meinrad, and thirteen other Benedictine Abbots, many of whom had occupied the same choir stalls only seven weeks previously at the blessing of Abbot Baldwin. So has passed a truly great man and Abbot.

As we are about to go to press, we find a well-known, always welcome visitor in our midst. He is Father Abbot Columban, Abbot of St. Joseph's Abbey in Louisiana. At one time or another Father Abbot Columban has filled the office of Prior of our Monastery, Rector of our Seminary, and Procurator of

our institution. He grew up here as a young monk, and was followed here by his two younger brothers, our Father Stephan and Father John. Since going to Louisiana his visits here are infrequent, but always like a home-coming. On this visit he brought with him for a short visit to the Mother Abbey six of his Lay Brothers from St. Joseph's Abbey. They are Brother Paul Ott, Brother Aloysius Finnegan, Brother Francis Kelly, Brother Michael Langois, Brother Martin Kniesel, and Brother Augustine Grace.

I must close now lest I keep you as long as I did last month. Perhaps we will see some of you on Plus X Day, August 19. And so until next month, adios.



ADJUSTMENT TO LIFE

The audience listened in awed silence to Vogeler's story. The greatest impact came at the very end. Since his release, he said, he had had an "excruciating experience... to adjust myself to freedom." With no theatrics he added: "The important thing to be learned from my experience is that it can happen to anyone—it can happen to you."

FRIENDSHIP HOUSE GOES A CAMPING

Muriel Horgstraet

Interracial justice can be as simple as a bunch of boys camping out together

“**W**HOO-OO made me leave my happy ho-ome?”

The blues song, crooned rhythmically in a deep and throaty voice, caught my attention. I looked up from the kettle of potatoes, boiling violently on the huge coal stove, and glanced out the kitchen door.

Andy Robinson, age ten, surrounded by a group of silent and admiring comrades, sat on the rickety top step of the back porch. His knee in ragged pants tucked up under his brown chin, he sang, half shyly, half obliviously, staring at the blue horizon beyond the flat Illinois plains. The song, haunting and minor in key, swam out into the early evening, poignant and melancholy.

He saw me and stopped. “Howdy, Miss Ginger.”

“Don’t stop, Andy; it sounds beautiful.”

He finished the song and got up. The other kids, with the usual politeness of colored children, congratulated him.

“Hey, Andy—do a dance,” shouted

one, and the whole bunch of them took up the idea. They began to clap their hands in eager, anticipatory rhythm and Andy tap-danced. The old back porch, shaking on its rotten posts, vibrated in delighted accompaniment. I clapped too, until it was time to rush back to the pot of potatoes, hissing in announcement of being done.

It was almost time to “dish up” supper for the camp. Fifty hungry boys, Negro, white and Mexican—fifty small faces, black and white and brown—would soon be in line, sticking out tin trays for boiled potatoes and hamburger and green beans and apple sauce; flashing big grins, wheedling for double helpings. It was time to get busy and get the “assembly line” set up for supper.

Outside the sun began to sink in the subtle pinks and greys of a late summer evening; its last warmth slanted into the kitchen and lit up the shabby cupboards, sparkled on the dented pots. I could hear the whistle blow outside to end swimming

and
lined
the
ning
inva
and
Ther
till t
ed h
door
Ka
Bob,
ative
for a
Jerry
summ
ing a
beach
direct
and v
four
Wh
the co
had c
four
and v
burge
AUGU



and knew the kids would soon be lined up around the flag pole to salute the lowering flag and say their evening prayers. Then would come the invasion of the dining hall, noisy and complete and overwhelming. There wouldn't be a quiet minute till the last one of the fifty had washed his tin GI tray and burst out the door for the evening program.

Katie and I dished up food till Bob, big and genial and argumentative, left his job of cabin counselor for a while to help us. Pretty soon Jerry, who was celebrating his last summer before diaconate by wearing a vivid red and blue terry cloth beach robe on his job of swimming director, came in from the pool, cool and wet-haired, and helped too. With four of us things went smoothly.

When all the kids were served, and the counselors and Paul, the director, had come in and got their food, we four sank down at a table exhausted and vastly relieved that the hamburger had gone round. We always

saved supper time for deep and serious discussions and were soon launched into one. We talked about the social doctrines of Catholicism and the liturgy and the need for interracial justice and the lay apostolate—but mostly about the need for interracial justice. Because we were working as volunteers in a Catholic interracial summer camp, that was always the topic closest to our hearts. We also talked about Friendship House, because it was Friendship House which had sent the children out here to camp for a couple of weeks away from the dirt and ugliness of their slum homes. Friendship House is a Catholic interracial community center, located in the Negro slums of Chicago's South Side. Its members are devoted to living a full Christian life and to spreading interracial justice. It was always when we were deep in interested and often spirited (especially Bob!) discussion that it was time to get up and do the dishes.

After supper the kids played baseball for a while. They would tolerate our presence in the game—sheerly out of Christian charity, I'm sure, for they had nothing to gain by our strike-outs and occasional pop-flies. There was a clean, wonderful feeling about catching a ball from a tall, lithe Negro lad and pitching it to a swarthy, dark-eyed Mexican. It was the kind of ball game you could be sure Christ would have enjoyed getting into.

The evening programs at camp were varied. Often it would be a boxing tournament, which produced

as much excitement and whoops of encouragement for the respective fighters as any Golden Gloves. One night we had an amateur show which was a memorable event, if for no other reason than its originality. That afternoon I had stopped by the big barn-like recreation hall and found Bob standing unperturbed and meditative in the middle of a dozen shouting, climbing, scrambling boys. A maze of tackle descended from the complicated rigging above the old, dusty stage. A sad and faded remnant of what had once been a red velvet curtain dragged itself mournfully across half the stage and then gave up.

"What are you doing?"

"Designing scenery," replied Bob, not raising his eyes from a bundle of old clothes which lay on the dust floor and which he was examining carefully. The kids had raised a shout of delight at my appearance, inasmuch as it afforded them an opportunity to confide the mysteries of the coming evening to someone—provided of course that I swear to secrecy.

I was instructed in all the intricacies of the stage-manager's job and particularly in the bit of stage business that involved the bundle of old clothes. So I was prepared for the high point of the show when the time for evening program came.

The boys had assembled in the recreation hall, with much milling around and whooping and catcalls. Violent applause had preceded, followed and interrupted almost every

song or dance or recitation. Finally the climax arrived: *the number was on*. The stage was darkened almost completely, an old park bench occupied its center. After a sinister wait or two or three minutes two actors entered: a boy with a red crepe paper necktie sticking out a foot on either side of his chin, a "girl" made up with my lipstick and wearing Katie's dirndl skirt. They were greeted with howls of delight. They sat down on the bench and began conscientiously to make love, studied movie love as interpreted by eleven-year-olds—the most wonderful satire imaginable.

All of a sudden a dim figure began to approach from the rear of the stage, moving in a weird, floating walk toward the seated couple. As it



THE GRAIL

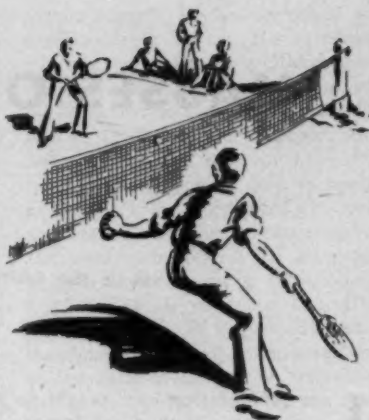
glid
we c
hood
mak
with
whic
grew
ster
unsu
an
issue
stag
tesqu
in an
heap
of g
yout
conf
safel
brow
from
the s
"I
Th
work
deep
was
two
asked
piece
cut
take
take
ers.
Hous
Sun
chape
but v
welco
runni
of M
offere
from
occasi
AUGU

glided closer and closer to the front we could see that it wore the white hooded sheet of a ghost and was making for the oblivious "lovers" with evil intent. The awed murmur which had greeted its appearance grew into a wild shriek as the monster poised itself to pounce on the unsuspecting couple. Then suddenly an inappropriate cracking sound issued from the heights above the stage. The ghost gave several grotesque convulsions and then collapsed in an ignominious and most unspooky heap. And surrounded by a tangle of guy-ropes and broken timber the youthful property-man descended in confusion upon the scene, landing safely on the stuffed dummy. His brown face smiled up in reassurance from the maze of sheets as several of the staff dashed to the rescue.

"I'm okay!" he said cheerfully.

The days at camp were filled with work, with amusing incidents and deep spiritual satisfaction. There was the day in the craft house when two little colored lads came up and asked me to "draw Mary" on their pieces of orange crate so they could cut Her out with coping saws and take home a "statue" to their mothers. Catechism lessons at Friendship House had done a good job!

Sunday Mass took place in the chapel which had seen better days but which Katie and I dusted up to welcome the Lord. Jerry gave a running commentary on the meaning of Mass as the Holy Sacrifice was offered, and led the kids in prayers from the Missal. Except for an occasional lapse into seminary-lan-



guage like "essence" and mystical," he did a fine job of making the Mass understandable to the little children whom Christ invited especially to the Banquet.

The warm days flew past, full of struggles to stretch the meager food budget, minor catastrophes like a cut on the head, a temporarily lost camper, the hopeless entanglement of the notes on Treasure Hunt night; full of fun and the beautiful peace of the country, left the way the Lord made it—with no noise or smoke. When the old bus sputtered out of camp the last day, packed with chattering, singing children, bound for Friendship House and home, I looked back with regret at the shabby buildings, fading slowly into the background of green trees—where for a few weeks Christians had lived together away from the ugly materialism of the city and the blight of racial prejudice.

MASSES OF AUGUST

A Sequel

Conrad Louis, O.S.B.

Love is the fulfilling of the law.

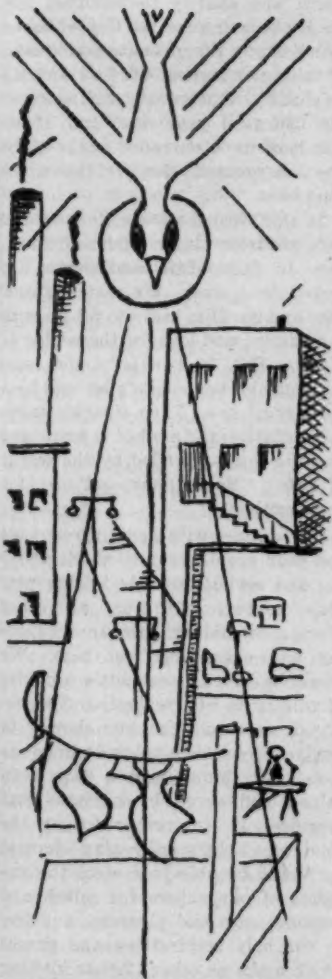
LAST SUNDAY Our Lord taught us in the story of the Good Samaritan that any one in need and distress is our neighbor. This Sunday He shows us how He put last week's lesson into practice. Not one but ten men confront Him in this week's Gospel and they are probably in worse straits than the unfortunate victims of the robbers.

Leprosy in Our Savior's day was a dreadful and terrifying thing. No doubt some of the ten were husbands and fathers forced to leave behind their children, wives, parents, brothers and sisters because the leper had, in addition to his horrible disease, the heartbreaking banishment from home, family and community. Their life sentence to the tombs and caves beyond the city walls came with the first signs of leprosy and remained as long as any sign of the malady showed itself. This exile was a heavier cross than the pain and disfigurement of the body. We can be sure that Jesus saw through the physical pain to the sickness of heart that

afflicted lepers. Jesus met ten and cured ten. He is ten times a Good Samaritan.

There are several lessons in charity to be learned from this example of Our Lord. In the first place, we can learn to imitate Him as far as we are able by extending our helpfulness to as many persons as we can. Also, we should not be stopped by the ugliness of the social, moral, or physical evil we find in these unfortunate, nor should we be deterred by the lack of appeal and attraction many of these forms of practical charity offer.

We can also learn from Our Lord not to be discouraged in our life of kindness by lack of appreciation and thankfulness. This ingratitude is a great yet understandable threat to our perseverance in charity, but we must imitate Christ in our constancy too, even in the face of shameless ingratitude such as He Himself received from the lepers. "Were not the *ten* made clean? Where are the other *nine*?"



Then we might think to check our own appreciation and thankfulness to Our Lord for His boundless charity

in our regard. He has sacrificed so much so freely for us. His covenant was sealed in His Own Blood (introit, gradual, and consecration of the Chalice). It cost Him His life to heal us of our spiritual leprosy, sin. Are we with the nine, or have we come back in grateful love to kneel at His feet? He said that if we loved and appreciated Him we would keep His commandments. Thus we pray in the collect to grow in faith, hope, and charity in order to love His commandments. If we love His commandments we shall offer ourselves to the calls of charity on our time and energy (offertory). We can rest assured that Our Lord will look upon these sacrifices as an expression of thanks and be pleased to bless us for them (secret). If we would see His lesson of charity in this Mass as an opportunity to learn of and share in His great love and incorporate it into our lives, we and all those around us would learn how delicious and sweet it is to live in Christian charity (communion).

A Threat

A grave threat to our life of charity is the selfish and greedy craving for all the possible conveniences of life. Luxury for the few has always meant want for the many. If we are too careful for ourselves, we have no care left for our neighbor. Jesus warns us of this in the Gospel. The other parts of the Mass are a background for His lesson.

The collect has us pray that human weakness be restrained in its excessive grabbing for self lest God's mercy and love be foiled for so many people.

St. Paul reminds us that without charity we become mere craving animals, prone to jealousy, quarreling, cheating, stealing, drunkenness, immodesty, and gross impurity. With charity comes thoughtfulness for others, restraint, modesty, patience, kindness, peace, and joy (epistle).

Our Lord then shows us in a few striking words the attitude the one devoted to charity should have as regards the proper use of money, food and clothing in every day life. His words touch those things easily associated with ease, comfort, and extravagance. You cannot, He says, be completely dedicated to two ideals so opposed as love of God wholly and love of self only. You cannot serve God and also wealth (Mammon), ease, and comfort.

Mother Church thus teaches us that in all our handling of the things of this world we should keep the love of God and neighbor uppermost in our thoughts, seeking first the Kingdom of God in a holy life. God being first in our lives, everything else will fall in place. With all things in proper proportion it is possible to taste and see that the Lord is sweet (offertory). By offering ourselves to the fulfillment of such an ideal (secret and communion), we shall experience the feeling of purity, strength, and security God holds forth to the faithful and charitable members of His Kingdom (postcommunion).

A Duel

St. Paul warns us in the epistle that the struggle between selfishness and charity is a struggle for life and death, selfishness leading to spiritual

death and charity to spiritual life. He is preparing for the Gospel lesson which shows the ultimate seriousness of taking or leaving Christ's doctrine on charity. It is getting well along in the liturgical year now, and, if we still need to be reminded again of the absolute necessity for life, this is the reminder.

In this Gospel we see Charity and Life confront death and selfishness face to face. Life and death are locked in a duel. We watch Jesus' face and see Him begin to fill up with compassion and love for the widow of Naim. This is her only son, and without him her widow's lot will be a most cruel one. Then Charity takes the initiative, the mother is reassured and the son is startled by the words of Life: "Young man, get up (for your mother)!"

Our contact with Jesus throughout the year should be just as electrifying and revivifying. And other people's contact with us, as other Christs, should be just an awakening and enlivening for them. We would be able to work little miracles of raising to life, revival, and recovery if we would put our charity to work in our own surroundings as Jesus did. Many people have been helped and saved by kindness and sacrifice. If we were ruled by the ideal of Christ's enlivening charity, we would be able to control the impulses of our nature for selfish and personal ease and pleasure, and live by the holy inspirations and graces which make us other Christs visiting His people for the glory of God (postcommunion and last words of the Gospel).

A More Perfect Life

Revived in the more perfect life of Christ's love last week, we pray this Sunday to be able to carry on zealously in this new way of life (collect). St. Paul hopes that the new life planted in our souls at Mass and Communion (postcommunion) will take deep root and grow unto fullness and perfection (epistle), outgrowing the weeds of selfishness and self-interest as it grows.

Our Lord shows us the true test for growth in the more perfect life in His Gospel lesson. To love ourselves and our dear ones is easy enough. The real test is love for others for God's sake regardless of self. What man would not immediately be running to rescue his own son who had fallen into a cistern regardless of circumstances, be they that he had just relaxed for a rest, just turned to the ball game or just started his car? Would he say: "I hope he holds his head above water until I am ready"? When we are in labor for our own, nothing is too much or too soon. But let another be in need or suffering, especially in less urgent need, and we take it easy, count minutes, study the angles. Just such a reaction of the scribes and pharisees was pointed out by Our Lord in our Gospel lesson. Jesus put aside all calculating and immediately healed the poor man. He then goes on to show how our selfishness makes fools of us even in men's eyes, not to mention God's.

Again Mother Church is trying to lead us away from our littleness and selfishness and make us generous in

our sacrifice for others (secret). Throughout our lives, from youth to grey hair, we can always find someone who needs help (communion). How seldom do we live up to this ideal of thinking of others first? We tend to rush and snatch for ourselves, trying to be first for the morning paper, first for the best at breakfast, first for the seat on the bus, first to leave work, first for the easy chair, first for our favorite radio program, first to leave mother with the dishes, first to go out in the evening, first in all we like for ourselves. We forget that those who forget others will also be forgotten. Charity has its own reward and selfishness its own punishment.



A Final Restatement

With the Mass for the seventeenth Sunday after Pentecost, we have a Mass for all the lessons in charity taught in the previous Masses. In the Mass of the following Sunday, our attention is turned toward the close of the year and its thoughts on the life beyond this present life, the goal of our life of charity here below.

Our Lord makes a final restatement of His ideal of love in this Gospel. The Church has us pray to live up to His teaching and follow only Him (collect) and St. Paul urges us to practice the life of meekness, patience, and bearing with one another in love against all odds, even

as he did to imprisonment and trial for his life (epistle).

Our Lord's restatement of His doctrine comes in the dramatic background of His last days before the Passion. It is well into Holy Week and the Jews still have no real cause to arrest Him. They object most to His teaching of universal love. The doctor of the law tried to trap Our Lord by asking Him to single out the important commandment of the more than six hundred grave and light laws the lawyers had classified. He cut right through the difficulty and singled out charity as the great precept, adding that the commands to love God and love neighbor were the two pegs by which the whole fabric of the teaching in the law and the prophets are hung. In view of the place of these words in the Gospel as a whole, they as much as say that Jesus is ready to die for the

ideal of charity if necessary. The concluding words of our Gospel reminds us that Jesus' selection is a divine one, for He claims to be the Lord and God of David, the Lord God of Israel. As such words were final for the Jews, they should be final for us and provide the perfect motive for our following and acting on them. Not to follow the path of love and charity now would be to belittle or deny the divinity of Jesus—or admit our bad will.

Christ's way of charity is the safe way then (introit) for individuals and for nations (gradual). We pray for the grace to follow it (collect) and try to make good our intentions to live according to it (communion). If we offer ourselves according to Christ's ideal of charity we can rest assured of our share in the eternal remedies He has provided for those who love Him (postcommunion).

SOCIETY

Is the object of life only to live?
Will the feet of God's children be
fastened to this wretched earth?
It is not to live, but to die, and not
to hew the cross, but to mount
upon it, and to give all that we
have, laughing.

Paul Claudel

movie of the month...

"The Thing"

Seamus Fleming

AN OLD LADY I met at a lecture recently was telling me that the trouble with the movies was that they didn't tell fairy tales often enough. She had seen the movies, she said, and it was just like being in fairyland; obviously, the movies were made for fantasy. By the use of great restraint, I managed to refrain from the obvious comment that most of what emanates from Hollywood, either on or off the screen, is pure fantasy of one form or another.

However, in a sense, what the lady says is true; the movies have, at least, all the technical equipment for turning out almost perfect fantasy. With the aid of the camera, you can actually see the city built of emeralds, the road paved with gold, the carpet that flies, the genii solidifying from the smoke out of the bottle; the country of fantasy can be mapped and drawn to scale.

But to film fantasy well requires more than mere camera tricks. The

fairy tales we remember from childhood were those in which the wonderful things happened to real people, in which the magic was real and the wonder was real. No child really likes a fairy tale in which the teller stops to remind him every five minutes that, "of course, such things really can't happen." Either he will take a natural dislike to the story or else he will refuse to believe the narrator's aside; there really was a beanstalk that grew into the clouds, so there.

It is in this elementary detail of fairy-tale telling that the movies most frequently fall flat on their collective faces. The producers get so fascinated by the wonders their cameras can perform that they spend all their time pointing out how real the magic looks, which is, of course, the most effective way of pointing out that it isn't real magic.

The studios get occasional spells in which they all produce fantasies of one type or another—there was a



Facing The Thing

series of Arabian Nights pictures, a series of pictures about "guardian angels" wandering the earth in human form, several pictures about men who were allowed to come back to earth after having died. At present, the cycle is one of "science-fiction", which is enjoying a corresponding boom in book and magazine publication at the moment.

I imagine the boom is due partly to our present concern with atomic energy, rockets, guided missiles and the like; at any rate, the movies are concentrating, with varying degrees of success, on the rocket-ship theme. According to reputable scientists, we may see travel to other planets within our lifetime, but, since it hasn't happened yet, I feel justified in in-

cluding it within my "Fantasy" classification, and applying to films about interplanetary expeditions my comments about filming fairy tales.

The movies, of course, have all the necessary technical equipment for filming such a story. They can build a rocket-ship which will hold passengers long before the scientists are ready to; they can transplant the surface of the moon to a sound stage; they can hire Martian or Venusian extras to give the film the proper atmosphere; they can show you the world of the future as easily as the world of the past, and with even less rein on their imagination.

"Rocketship Moon", for instance, one of the earlier films in this cycle, is an exceedingly painstaking filming



FABIOLA

starring Michele Morgan, Henri Vidal, and Michel Simon



of a trip to the moon. The ship for the film was designed by Willy Ley, the leading authority on all problems of space travel; the sets were designed by Chesley Bonestell, who is, as you know if you have seen his paintings, a man who can paint the moon as if he were standing on it; the script was by Robert Heinlein, one of the best of the science fiction authors. In effect, the film is so realistic that, at times, it seems more like a travelogue than like adventure fiction; you find yourself quite willing to believe you are looking at the future, rather than at mere trick photography.

The film is an exceedingly realistic presentation of its subject, and is, indeed, a very good briefing in the problems of space travel and some of the possible solutions. It is also a fine film for the younger generation, whose allegiance seems about evenly divided between Hopalong Cassidy and the Space Patrol.

On the other hand, Howard Hawks' epic, "The Thing from Another World" is so far from being a realistic piece of fantasy that it seems intended for a rather subtle piece of satire on the trend. It has much more plot than "Rocketship Moon"—almost too much plot. There is this

Army expedition to the arctic for some abstruse military reason, and it comes across this "thing" frozen in the ice. The expedition thaws it out and it develops that the "thing" is a citizen of another planet, come to earth for the purpose of exploration and, perhaps, conquest and colonization.

The "thing" is a vegetable form of life, rather than animal, seemingly impervious to any human weapon, and a masterpiece of make-up. This leads to all sorts of complications: the army wants to destroy it, the scientists want to study it, and the general public is just plain scared. And so on, with all the cliff-hanging done to a turn.

There is, it seems to me, little attempt to convince the audience that the story is even possible, let alone probable, in contrast to "Rocketship Moon" which gives the impression of historical fact. Both are, however, in their respective ways, good entertainment, and "The Thing" has some rather amusing moments, even though some of them are not, in all probability, intentional. The latter is not, however, recommended for family viewing—the horror, for one thing, gets a little too horrible at times.

"Fabiola"

I think "Fabiola" will come as somewhat of a disappointment to those who read and enjoyed Cardinal

"Unfinished Dance"

Wiseman's novel, though they will not be particularly surprised by the film if they have seen the ads first.

The Cardinal's novel, if you haven't read it, concerns the conversion of a rich young pagan girl to Christianity in the midst of pagan Rome's persecution of the Christians. The novel, of course, concerns itself primarily with the Christians; the movie, as might be expected, concerns itself more with the pagans, since the fancy banquets, the dancing girls, the retiarii, the lions and bears make for more of a spectacle. Actually, not too much violence has been done to the plot of the story, but the atmosphere is rather different; Cardinal Wiseman's attempt to illustrate the strength of faith and love against the greatest of attacks seems, at times, to have gotten lost in the shuffle.

Filmed in Italy, with Michele Morgan as the senator's daughter, the film is quite good as a spectacle, as a tour of some of the great ruins of the world, as a view of ancient Rome (with not more than the usual number of anachronisms), but it is not nearly so much a portrait of early Christianity as one might have hoped.

* * * * *

Some years ago, Hollywood made a rather maudlin picture, with Margaret O'Brien, one of the all-time experts of maudlinism, called "The Unfinished Dance" a very mediocre rehash of the French film, "Ballerina". The French original has been reissued, so that, if you wish, you can see for yourself what Hollywood can do to a good picture. The French

original concerns a little girl, student at the ballet school attached to one of the theatres, who learns that her idol, the prima ballerina, is being replaced. The little girl considers this a terrible hurt to the ballerina, and so arranges matters that the successor, in her first appearance, breaks her leg. The rest of the film concerns the little girl's realization of what she has done, when she discovers her victim will never dance again, her tremendous feeling of guilt, the summoning up of her courage to confess to the ballerina, and the latter's healing of the wounds this guilt inflicts on the child.

In the French version, the film is not a tear-jerker; it is, at times, very sad, in an adult fashion, rather than in the peculiarly subnormal way Hollywood presents sadness. It portrays people, rather than types; it shows, as well as any film has, how the ballet can become all of life to the dancer, it explores with vast understanding the loves and hatreds of a child, and, incidentally, it throws in some of the best filming of ballet itself that has yet been done.

I think it is too sad at spots for children, and fact that the dialogue is French does not prevent the whole effect of the picture from carrying over to even the youngest in the audience. However, I would recommend it sincerely to any adult who wants to see a truly fine film. Mia Slavenska, one of the great dancers of our time, plays the ballerina, and acts almost as well as she dances.

RECOMMENDED MOVIES

• For the Family

A-1: FAMILY

Broken Arrow: Jimmy Stewart as the white man who marries an Indian girl in a story on the Indians' side of the conquest of the West.

Go For Broke: Actual veterans of the Army's Nisei battalions reenacting their conquest of the enemy and their countrymen's prejudices.

Kon Tiki: From Peru to Polynesia by raft—an actual record of one of the great modern adventures.

Louisa: Edmund Gwenn and Charles Coburn in a light comedy of romance past forty—the two great hams make it an amusing film.

Sword of Monte Cristo: Another of the vast series based on Dumas' character—much swordplay and fast riding; good fast costume adventure.

The Great Caruso: Mario Lanza in a film based, very loosely, on the

• For Adults

tenor's life, but full of music and technicolor.

Wooden Soldiers: Re-issue of Laurel and Hardy's version of *Babes in Toyland*. Fine for children.

A-2: ADULTS

Browning Version: British trial picture, with Robert Donat, as the barrister, tearing into the courtroom scenes in great style.

Oliver Twist: A very exact version of Dickens' classic, conveying the spirit of the book as well as celluloid can.

Royal Wedding: Astaire and Jane Powell in a light song-and-dance act; amusing as long as they stay away from the plot.

Tight Little Island: Compton Mackenzie's story of the salvaging of a whiskey cargo from a wrecked ship by the villagers of two islands. Very funny, in a slightly tipsy way.

book reviews...



- ▶ **Beyond East and West**
- ▶ **The Ear of God**
- ▶ **The Family for Families**
- ▶ **The Christian Home and Art**

BEYOND EAST AND WEST. By John C. H. Wu. Sheed and Ward, 830 Broadway, New York 3, N. Y. 364 pp. \$3.50.

When *The Seven Storey Mountain* appeared a few years ago it was hailed as a new "Confessions of St. Augustine." In *Beyond East and West* we have another such book. But because Dr. Wu's life in its breadth and depth is so much more similar to that of St. Augustine's than Thomas Merton's is, the story of his life bears a correspondingly greater similarity. Even in the secondary point of reader-appeal there is a certain similarity in that they both have three chapters that are hard to read. Books XI, XII and XIII of the Confessions are rather abstract and often omitted in translations. In the same way pages 149 to 223 of *Beyond East and West*, beginning with the section on the Religions of China, could be skipped over by most readers.

Perhaps the two characteristics most outstanding in Dr. Wu are his versatility and frankness. His frankness is so pronounced that some might say he is somewhat egotistical. To this reviewer the style of the book is completely ingenuous. It almost seems as though Wu were writing about someone else. Although the book as a whole is very complimentary to the author, yet Wu quotes the following from his daughter's diary: "Our family life is simply miserable. For the last few weeks, I have not had a glimpse of my father. When I come to school in the morning, they tell me that Father has just gone to bed; and when I return home in the afternoon, they tell me that Father has just gone out to seek for pleasures. My mother is weeping everyday. O heaven, why should I be born in such a family."

When Generalissimo Chiang gave him an allowance of ten thousand Chinese dollars a month for a year so that he could be free to translate the Psalms into literary Chinese, he

wrote: "I was jubilant and told all my friends about my good fortune. . . If you can imagine that you were to be paid for riding your hobby horse for a year or so, you will know something of the happiness I felt then."

As a philosopher John Wu gives one much to think on throughout his book. On page 210 we find this: "When a man is on the point of drowning, all he cares for is his life. But as soon as he gets on shore, he asks: 'Where is my umbrella?' Wisdom of life consists in not asking for the umbrella." On page 208 he writes: "Unless you love God with joy ringing in your heart, it would be better not to love Him at all."

After he had raised a rumpus because his sister had tried to persuade him to take gifts from clients when he was a judge, his wife (still a non-Catholic) gives him a beautiful lesson on Christian morality with these words: "Bad manners are no better than receiving bribery."

His deep sense of humor adds a fine seasoning to the entire book. Because of his youthful appearance he was once mistaken for his son. He replied: "My dear friend, you take me for my son, but the fact is that I am my father." At another place (page 222) he sums up life as follows: "My conception of life is spiral. A man respires, aspires, perspires, inspires and finally expires."

John Henry Wigmore, the great jurist, in reviewing Wu's book *Juridical Essays and Studies*, speaks as follows concerning Wu's deep learning: "As a legal philosopher, the

author stands in the front rank. To the reviewer the most interesting, original and stimulating parts of the book are the footnotes to each essay. Here the author comments candidly as if chatting with his friends and readers. There is nothing like it in ordinary books by philosophers or lawyers. These notes read like the frank, intimate, mental play of a Chesterton. . . . Another stimulating feature is that the author has read everything—yes, everything, from Spinoza and Bertrand Russel and William James and Benedetto Croce to the Supreme Court of Indiana."

One day in Chungking Dr. Wu met Professor Paul M. A. Linebarger in a bomb-shelter. Some years later the Professor writes about Wu as follows (page 317): "Dr. Wu is one of the most extraordinary personages of the modern world; he has taken all knowledge—East Asiatic and Western—for his province. He writes a spirited, graceful English and is capable of discussing anything from modern politics or abstruse points of Anglo-American law to ancient Chinese hedonism or the philosophical implications of the *Autobiography* of St. Thérèse of Lisieux. Dr. Wu, in a bomb-shelter, possesses much of the moral poise and profound personal assurance for which Westerners like T. S. Eliot seek in vain."

On page 350 Dr. Wu describes the difference between happiness and unhappiness and in so doing gives us an idea of the driving force that accounts for his tremendous activity.

"'Unhappiness,' Frank Sheed said, 'is always unused or ill-used spiritual energy; and man has within himself so many energies made for God, that, lacking God, these energies cannot be satisfied, and can only turn in upon man and rend him.' He further said, 'For fullness of being, man must have a knowledge of and a co-operation with that which maintains him in existence, that which is the very condition of his being at all . . . There is an abyss of nothingness at the very heart of our being, and we had better counter it by the fullest possible use of our kinship with the Infinite, who is also at the very heart of our being.' Our pilgrimage is therefore neither eastwards nor westwards, but inwards; and this is what I call moving beyond East and West.

"It is not fair to Christianity to call it 'Western.' Christianity is universal. In fact, the West has something to learn from the East, for, on the whole, the East has gone farther in its *natural* contemplation than the West has in its *supernatural* contemplation. . . . The spiritual education of the Christian is sadly neglected. As I told a group of Carmelite Fathers in Rome, the East has entered upon the contemplative stage before its time, while the West has lagged in the stage of discursive reasoning too long. The East is a thief, while the West is a son who does not resemble the Father. The son will have a great deal to learn from the thief."

With these few quotations from *Beyond East and West* it is hoped that your interest is aroused enough

to read the book for yourself. Only by so doing will you really meet Dr. Wu. Remember that he was the Minister for China at the Court of the Holy See. He was chiefly responsible for the new constitution of the Chinese Republic, and was a Judge on the Shanghai Provisional Court. Dr. Wu is the father of fourteen children.

Michael Keene, O.S.B.



THE EAR OF GOD. By Patrick J. Peyton. Doubleday & Company, Inc. 575 Madison Ave., New York 22, N. Y. 226 pp. \$2.75.

The name of Father Patrick Peyton and his slogan "The family that prays together, stays together" have become household words in many Catholic homes across the land. They stand for the Family Rosary Crusade, a movement which has as its aim the badly needed restoration of unity and peace to our American families through the only real unifier—humble prayer. What started out as no more than a vague dream and a too ambitious hope of this zealous Irish priest has in the course of a few short years been miraculously transformed into amazing fact. How this one-man crusade has developed into an avalanche of family prayer, sponsored, publicized, supported by the top men and women in

the fields of radio, movies, television and stage, by the hierarchy, by people of all faiths forms the core of this book. But it is more than just a story. It is the autobiographical sketch of a man who realizes that his vocation from God is to honor the Mother of God by family prayer—prayer which will restore American family life to its true Christian foundations of faith, hope, love, humility and loving obedience.

Even more inspirational than this adventure story of Father Peyton's determination to "sell" the Blessed Mother of God and Her Rosary to America is his simple explanation of America's great need for faith and prayer, the purpose of prayer and its results, the efficacy of praying to our friends, the saints, and particularly to the Mother of God, and the meaning and power of the Rosary.

All this may seem superfluous to the Catholic, since he knows the need, the mechanics and especially the results of prayer from real experience. Yet even the best prayers among us can profit by this fresh insight into the "science of the saints". For those who pray not at all or far too infrequently there is hardly a better non-scientific introduction to the matter of prayer.

At the end of the book there is appended a section called "A Treasury of Prayer", containing excellent prayers which frequently are not found in the ordinary layman's prayer book. They certainly deserve greater popularity, especially as models by which we can learn to fashion our own real Christian prayer.

Little more need be said to recommend this book. It is the burning appeal of a zealous priest to all sincere people to join in the great drive for renewed Christian family life—and by the powerful means of the family Rosary.

Andrew Murchie, O.S.B.



THE FAMILY FOR FAMILIES.

By Francis L. Filas, S.J. J.S.
Paluch Co., P.O. Box Number 3386,
Chicago 54, Ill. 143 pp. 50¢.

Here is something Catholic in a new format, a reprint of a 1947 first-edition, now in pocket-size, slick cover, low price and all, under the significant heading of "Lumen Books", whose trade emblem is a windowed candle shining on an open volume under which is written "Reading for Eternity." Since, as the little work points out on its last page, Catholic books in general, even those with popular appeal, have such a relatively low sale among Catholic people; since pocket editions of the secular press have had a phenomenal appeal and sale; since most Catholic families cannot afford the cost of an extensive library; and since Catholic publishers for the most are not

wealthy organizations, "Lumen Books", in its attempt to put good literature into the pocket-book field, is a quite justifiable experiment.

Though the small book's externals share the modern gaudy "buy-me" look, it will, once bought, lead the even casual reader into considerations far from cheap. Its content is a brief and unassuming presentation of the Catholic outlook on marriage and family life as understood through meditation on the incidents and characteristics of the home life of our Lord and His earthly parents. The work is a reasonable mixture of instruction and devotion. Scripture and tradition are simply yet wisely used to bring the Holy Family close to the reader, modern though he be, without an attempt at forcing, for piety's sake, some apocryphal stretch of the imagination. Accidentals which are often missed in reflection on the hidden life of our Lord, for example, food, dress, custom, etc., are here made the source of much interest and serve to correct many a false idea.

The book is meant not merely to be read but also to be thoroughly thought upon and even studied. A discussion club outline is provided after the epilogue. Since the book itself is replete with pointed sermonettes, each with a general moral, such an outline is not out of place. The brevity, moreover, of the work makes it a kind of handy catechism.

Such a work, although not claiming to be a "must" for the Catholic family's bookshelf, will well repay the reader who approaches it in that

spirit of simplicity in which it was composed.

Benedict Meyer, O.S.B.

THE CHRISTIAN HOME AND ART. By Therese Mueller. Designs for Christian Living, Box 5948, Westport Station, Kansas City 2, Mo. 30 pp. 50¢.

In a brief thirty-page booklet, Mrs. Franz Mueller has presented an unusual collection of practical hints for Christians who are striving to make Christian living a full-time occupation. She shows, in an eminently practical way, that the truly Christian home is a real extension of the Church. Mrs. Mueller shows how all the events of one's life can be imbued with the spirit of the Liturgy, which is the spirit of Christ.

A series of line drawings, mostly of liturgical symbols, adds definite sparkle to the work, but one wonders if, in several of them, reverence has not bowed to enthusiasm. For instance, the use of the nimbus on a hen, surrounded by her chicks, certainly does not seem in keeping with its use in traditional symbolism.

Furthermore, in spite of the practical nature of these pages, it seems quite legitimate to ask just how practical they will be for the average Catholic family. In spite of the author's enthusiasm and evident sincerity, the fact remains, that unless a family has a better than average insight into the spirit of the Liturgy and the Mystery of Redemption, many of the suggestions of the author will be unpleasingly artificial.

It is precisely because we have lost the spirit of the Gospel and, consequently, Christian tradition and practice, that we are with such difficulty recognised as Christians. Only until we return to a God-centered mentality will our outward expression be God-centered. And it is just such a mentality that this booklet presupposes.

But, perhaps, Mrs. Mueller's suggestions are more interesting and

valuable for what they indicate rather than they actually say. Such a little work is bound to awaken many readers to the fact that there are Catholics who are striving to make their home life the logical carry-over of the life of grace they live through the Liturgy of the Church. If this booklet does no more than that, the reader will, I am sure, consider his time well spent.

Gavin Barnes, O.S.B.

PICTURE CREDITS: Christopher Jeffords, O.S.B., 8, 38, 43. Sylvester Grahl, O.S.B., 16, 17, 49. John Harding, 9, 34. Patricia McLaughlin, 1, 13, 24. Peggy Hoffman, 26, 29.

OUR BACK COVER THOUGHT . . .

AT THE CONCLUSION of Chapter Seven of the Holy Rule on the twelve degrees of humility, St. Benedict sums up his doctrine with these words: "Having climbed all these steps of humility, the monk will presently come to that perfect love of God which casts out fear (I John, IV, 18), and all these rules which he had once kept because of fear he will now begin to observe for the love of God..."

The truth revealed by these simple words furnishes the key to a deep mystery of the spiritual life, the conflict between fear and love in the soul striving for perfection. Benedict touches the edge of this mystery in the end of the prologue to his rule when he reminds us beginners that, hard as it is to begin a deeply reli-

PERFECT LOVE CASTS OUT FEAR.

Rule of St. Benedict, Ch. 7

gious life, and difficult as it is to change our heart for the better, we shall, as we go firmly forward in faith and courage, soon run in the way of God's commandments with hearts enlarged and with unspeakable sweetness and love.

Realizing that the fear of God is only the beginning of wisdom, the fervent Christian who desires to advance more rapidly soon learns to serve God, not merely because he fears hell but because he loves God. Thus, St. Benedict is anxious to show here that although we never lose the fear of God we will never grow up spiritually, and live Christianity joyously until our love of God has cast out most of our fear of Him.



WHEN SIN
IS A
LAUGHING
MATTER

BERNARD TOLOMEO, Abbot of Monte Oliveto, loved his sleep as much as the next man, and the porter's summons, half an hour before midnight, sent him stumbling with drowsiness to the gate of the monastery.

It was not easy, but Abbot Bernard managed a smile for the villainous-looking tramp who had asked for him.

"I know it's not the time to come," began the tramp, "but I want to go to confession, Father."

The midnight visitor was no ordinary sinner. His last confession had been forty years ago. He had left no commandment unbroken, no sacred trust unviolated, no debauchery untried.

Abbot Bernard listened without shock or surprise to the long litany of apostasies and infidelities. In fact, he began to smile broadly, and as the old sinner related a particularly grisly crime the abbot chuckled out loud.

The sinner paused as if he had reached the end, and then, with a furtive glance at Abbot Bernard, he added, "and while I was confessing I committed a sin of rash judgement... for when you chuckled over my sins I believed that you were as bad as I am, and guilty of the same crimes."


Abbot Bernard touched the sinner's head tenderly and grinned at him. "It is true, my son, that I am also a great sinner, but I was not laughing for that reason."

"Why then did you laugh at me, Father?"

"Why, indeed... if the angels rejoice in heaven over one sinner doing penance, cannot Abbot Bernard laugh here at Monte Oliveto when he lands such a big whopper?"

The feast of Blessed Bernard Tolomeo, Abbot, and founder of the Olivetan Congregation of Benedictines is August 21.

Benedictine Brothers
St. John's Abbey
Collegeville, Minnesota



**PERFECT LOVE
CASTS OUT FEAR**

